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DOGGED BY MISFORTUNE: GENERAL KUROPATKIN, WHO HAS DESIRED TO RESIGN HIS COMMAND AFTER HIS CRUSHING DEFEAT AT MUKDEN.

No general in history has ever suffered such a monotony of reverse as General Kuropatkin, who, during the whole campaign in Manchuria, has not been cheered by a single success. On February 19, 1904, he was appointed to the command he has just resigned, and he was then described as the Tsar's most distinguished and capable soldier. He was trained by Skobelev, and was said to possess the Skobelev eye and his master's power over men. From 1898 to the time he went to Manchuria he had been head of the Military Administration.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Mukden is a prodigious lesson in the art of war. The newspapers are deep in comparative tables of the losses in historic battles, and they put Mukden at the head of the grisly roll. Napoleon himself never planned destruction on such an appalling scale. Oyama's triumph is due to the scientific employment of numbers; but they might not have availed him, despite the incomparable valour of his troops, but for a more potent agent. He is the master of secrecy in an age of publicity. Kuropatkin seems to have known as little as Fleet Street knew of the strength and disposition of the Japanese forces until the blow was struck. You will have noted that since this war began all the information about the Japanese numbers at any given point has been pure guess-work. Nothing so significant has been told us as that tale of the obliging Major, sent by Oyama to entertain some war-correspondents with a lecture on the battle of Telissu. "How many men had you at Telissu?" asked one of the auditors casually. "Just as many as we have now," was the innocent reply. Secrecy practised with this thoroughness, secrecy which envelops the past, as well as the present and the future, is difficult to parallel in military annals. Napoleon could transport his army from Boulogne into the heart of Europe, and force Mack to capitulate at Ulm, before the world knew he had abandoned the design of invading England; but Napoleon was unacquainted with the newspaper correspondent. That herald Mercury has had the honour of Marshal Oyama's acquaintance; but it has not enabled him to light on any hill where he could get a view of anything that mattered to Japanese strategy.

We need not be surprised to find that, when the war is over, the Japanese official history, if any should be written, bears a family resemblance to the prudent Major's account of Telissu. You may say this is caution carried to excess; but it indicates a useful national habit. Lord Selborne remarked the other day that, in the event of a sudden invasion of this island, the newspapers, he hoped, would abstain from publishing information that might serve the enemy. I hope so too; but secrecy, you see, is not one of our national habits; and the suppression of news that makes striking headlines would demand a rather violent effort of self-control. It is not safe to be taken unawares by a trial of that searching kind. Let me suggest to the morning and the evening prints that they should go into training; take a week of self-denial, let us say, once a year. An editor might call his staff together in the middle of their labours, and address them thus: "Gentlemen, this is our week of moral fasting. What are the daintiest morsels of news and gossip we have in hand? Ah! I see. The bill of fare is unusually rich; so much the greater our virtue in resisting it. There—I have drawn a blue pencil through the lot. What! Not a single groan? Gentlemen, I am proud of you. Excelsior!"

To take a specific case, there was that account of an election at a certain club, where venerable members, who had not been seen for years, tottered up the steps to join in the ballot, and one of them was observed fumbling for a door which had been bricked up some time in the preceding century. This charming story, which had the supreme merit of being fictitious in every particular, would have been sacrificed in a self-denial week, greatly to the moral benefit of the author. How he would have appreciated Tolstoy's counsel that we should devote ourselves to the spiritual perfecting of the individual soul, and leave all the organisations that make for evil to go to wrack! Tolstoy has been denouncing Governments again; not his own merely, which is somewhat ineffectual, but even those which do contrive to maintain some semblance of order and contentment among their citizens. Why should the citizen, who is cultivating his moral nature, need any Government to look after him? Tolstoy is amazed that the people who call themselves free should elect any set of men to manage their public affairs. Why can't they see that such persons acquire power simply to misuse it, to make wars and scandals of that sort, to carry on all the nefarious business which naturally springs from such an evil thing as a Government? Look at America, where the Senate is thwarting the President, and the President is accused of undermining the prerogatives of the Senate. Why doesn't the American citizen abolish the Senate and the President too, and lead a highly moral life without any officialism whatever?

Some of us, when we read Tolstoy's article in the *Times*, may have reflected that if it be a difficult job to perfect one's moral nature, it is quite useless to expect perfection from any system of administration. Even if we were all models of conduct, and appointed a committee to manage the interests we have in common, would that committee escape censure for a week? "Whate'er is best administered is best," said a very credulous poet: no administration is of the best, or

even the second best. The Constitution of this enlightened realm requires that the head of the Navy shall be a railway director because he is a party man. I see that the *Statist*, examining this matter in the light of reason, denies that the Constitution debars the appointment of a first-class sailor to the control of the national war-ships. Certainly there is no law or practice which compels a railway company to elect a chairman on the ground that he has expert knowledge of nautical instruments. But the party system, dear *Statist*, orders the affairs of the nation on a principle unknown to private enterprise. Were Tolstoy to come along and say: "See the folly of having any Government at all when you give a man a post because he has a vast experience of something quite different," we could only make answer: "O Master, you do us wrong, for it is our blessed tradition to entrust our Army and Navy to the keeping of civilians, so that no man may charge us with committing the interests of peace to the experts of two bloodthirsty professions!"

But it is a seductive idea, when you think about it, this sweeping away of authority, and leaving every man to assert his moral perfection. I foresee a day when a meeting will be convened at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor, who will address the company in this strain: "Brothers and sisters all, now we are all morally perfect, and therefore in harmony about everything, what need have you of dignitaries? (Cheers.) I announce to you the resignation of the Mace-bearer. (Loud cheers.) I see you approve of that; but you may like time to consider whether the office of Lord Mayor should be preserved a little longer. (Loud dissent.) Very well, my moral perfection does not permit me to differ from yours. (Cheers.) Friends, the Corporation of London is wound up; the Thames Conservancy will conserve no more; the Port of London, if I may use the symbolic phrase of a poet in a bygone age, will paddle its own canoe. (Cheers and laughter.) No rates will be collected any more (Great enthusiasm); but every morally perfect citizen will pay for such trifles as street paving and lighting by putting what he thinks his proper quota into an automatic receptacle appointed for the purpose. Friends, we will now repair to Westminster, and request the Prime Minister to dissolve the Government, shut the public offices, disband the police (Cheers), and leave the happiness and prosperity of the land to everybody's moral perfection." (Tremendous cheers, and exeunt omnes in the direction of Downing Street, while the City police rush to the nearest clothiers, and hastily exchange their uniforms for any reach-me-down garments that are handy.)

I wonder whether Tolstoy has heard the story of the gentleman at Nice who lived and died a beggar. He was, in truth, a prosperous mendicant; for when the casual mourners searched his garret, they found scrip to the value of a million and a quarter francs, also a will bequeathing this sum to Baron Rothschild, with the philosophical comment: "Money seeks money." He was a keen observer, that mendicant. Money is most sociable with its equals. But in this case there was a slight miscalculation. A beggarly show of fifty thousand pounds could not consort with the ingots of the great financier. You and I might as well die and leave our bank balances for the liquidation of the National Debt. So Baron Rothschild made a quest for the mendicant's poor relations, and found three at Odessa and a fourth in Brooklyn, who are moderately enriched by the hoard from the garret at Nice, but do not, I fancy, invoke blessings on the memory of the miser. It raises a delicate question of ethics: whether anybody should profit by wealth so flagitiously accumulated. Money is often made by very queer means; but should the cloak of toleration be wrapped round the millionaire beggar, and the custom of heritage be applied for the behoof of his kindred?

Mr. Frederick Greenwood, whose services to literature and journalism are to be commemorated in our English fashion by a dinner, is as youthful a veteran at the trifling age of five-and-seventy as Mr. Frederic Harrison himself. It cannot be the weight of years which causes him to write with a slight despondency about Shakspeare. There is too much "chatter about Hamlet," he says; it threatens to stale even Shakspeare's infinite variety. Perhaps Mr. Greenwood is afraid that the Bard is crumbling before Mr. Bernard Shaw. Or is he oppressed by the thought of the Memorial? As I understand the scheme, it is to be prosecuted in every quarter of the globe where the English tongue is spoken. Nobody will be safe from a lecture on Shakspeare, followed by a collection. Chatter about Hamlet will echo from pole to pole. Mr. Shaw will probably undertake a lecturing tour round the world as a counter-irritant. He will be heard at Tokio, warning the Japanese against the retrograde influence of Shakspeare's plays. Still, I would beg Mr. Greenwood to be of good cheer. When he is a decade older, and we are giving him another dinner, he will find the Bard still fresh and smiling.

THE MUKDEN DÉBÂCLE.

BY R.N.

The great battle of Mukden, which bids fair to rank as the bloodiest and most memorable in the annals of war, has resulted in a complete victory for Japan. The scheme of envelopment, which has already been spoken of in this column as a repetition of the tactics of the Liao-yang battle, but modified by the experience there gained, has been entirely successful. The destruction of the Russian army is complete. The pursuit, it is true, of the survivors still continues at the time of writing, and it may be that Marshal Oyama himself will be unable to appreciate the full measure of his triumph until the end of the week. But already it is evident that the losses on the Russian side far exceed any recorded in modern warfare, while an immense spoil in prisoners, war-material, and other stores has fallen into the hands of the victors. Probably the casualties of the Japanese themselves since they began their advance in the last days of February have been considerable. But there are no symptoms at present of exhaustion or of anything but a determination to pursue the flying enemy until the last remnant shall have surrendered, or its destruction as an armed force is complete.

The general plan of the Japanese attack was described last week. Through the centre of the scene of action runs the railway, forming one side of a triangle, of which the line Mukden-Fushun is the base and Tieling the apex. The sides of the triangle, Tieling-Mukden and Tieling-Fushun, extended to the Sha-ho and to the Hun-ho, indicate roughly the space within which the Russian forces were assembled, and their line of retreat. Around this triangle stretched the armies of Japan, with General Kuroki pressing in across the Hun-ho to Fushun on the right, while General Nogai on the left crossed the plain to the north-west of Mukden. It was, however, the thrusting by General Nodzu of his army through the centre of the Russian position across the river which appears to have completed the débâcle and led directly to the fall of Mukden. Of the Russian force, which is said to have exceeded 300,000 men, two-thirds are reported killed, wounded, or prisoners, and it is still uncertain if the First Army, which alone of the three appears to have retained some semblance of a military body, can hold the passes at Tieling. Already the Japanese on Sunday were able to report that they had cleared the country twenty-five miles north of Mukden of the enemy, and they were still advancing northward. By their enveloping movement on the left the Japanese were able to seize the railway, and it was by the Mandarin road, which runs parallel to the line for the greater part of the way to Tieling, a distance of forty-three miles in a north-east direction, that the Russians made their main line of retreat. A large body appears to have followed the Fushun-Tieling road, which is about fifty miles long and, roughly speaking, in a north-west direction, over a very mountainous district. Here fighting was still taking place on Sunday and Monday. It is more than probable that other bodies have made to the east for Kirin, or to the west into Chinese territory at Fa-ku-men, which is on the direct road to Harbin. It is likely that it was one of these latter bodies which was cut up by the Japanese at Pu-ho, twelve miles north of Mukden, between Friday night and Saturday morning. That so many of the Russians succeeded in reaching Tieling could only have been made possible by the sacrifice of the artillery, of which many hundred guns are said to have fallen into the Japanese hands. In fact, it was a *saucy qui peut* from Fushun to the northward, in which even Kuropatkin himself is said to have thrice only escaped capture by the skin of his teeth.

The shattered remnant which has reached Tieling may have made good their retreat, but they can be little more than a demoralised rabble, and useless as a disciplined force, even if supplied with arms and ammunition, which is questionable. So much is admitted by Kuropatkin himself, and it is noteworthy that the German critics who have until recently been with the Russian forces hold that after the rout of the Second and Third Armies, it will be impossible for the remains of these units to stop short in their retreat at Tieling. On the other hand, there is no further information at present as to the condition of the First Army under Linievitch, which was last reported to be straggling through the mountains to the east of the Fushun road. If this can be brought to renew the fight in the Tieling passes, Kuropatkin may still be able to obtain breathing-space and an opportunity for reconstituting his shattered *cadres* before they continue their flight to Harbin. There are no signs, however, that Oyama will give pause until he has harried the foe to and beyond the railway junction on the Sungari and cut the communication with Vladivostok. The distances are long and the topographical conditions far from favourable, while the lines of communication go on increasing; but the one object in view must be to throw the enemy back to the rail-head, and to isolate the fortress on the Pacific until the time comes for it to share the fate that has already befallen Port Arthur.

The causes which have led to the destruction of the Russian army are manifold, and it is natural to inquire into the circumstances which have brought about the defeat of the largest army, if not the finest, that Russia has ever put into the field. The chief cause is undoubtedly the superiority of the Japanese troops, and the formidable efficiency of the military organisation of the island empire. The greatest credit must therefore be given to the Japanese statesmen and the military authorities; those who evolved the machine, and those who have used it so brilliantly. From first to last the Japanese officers and men have shown themselves prepared to profit by past experience, ready to make an accurate appreciation of the power and purpose of the Russian General and his men, and able to estimate to a nicety exactly how far they might rely upon their own physical endurance.

PARLIAMENT.

Another challenge to the fiscal policy of the Government was thrown down by Mr. Winston Churchill in a resolution declaring that the permanent unity of the Empire could not be ensured by preferential duties based on the protective taxation of food. Mr. Lytton met this by moving the previous question on the Imperial Conference. Lord George Hamilton said he would vote with Mr. Churchill, although he had no desire to turn out the Government, and he maintained that the Colonies were resolved not to make any concessions equivalent to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. Mr. Chamberlain regretted that the Government had decided not to deal with the fiscal problem now; but he treated Mr. Churchill's motion as a legitimate party manœuvre which should be met by the previous question. Mr. Balfour spoke in the same sense, and Mr. Asquith taunted Mr. Chamberlain with lacking the courage of his convictions. On a division the resolution was rejected by a majority of 42.

In the reconstruction of the Ministry, made necessary by the resignation of Mr. George Wyndham, Mr. Walter Long has been appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. Mr. Balfour was catechised again as to the position of Sir Antony MacDonnell, but declined to say whether the Irish Under-Secretary would be removed or not. Lord Salisbury's appointment as President of the Board of Trade led to a debate, and a division on the motion for adjournment. It was objected that the office ought not to be held by a member of the House of Lords. Mr. Balfour replied that peers were entitled to a proportion of the offices. The Government had a majority of 72.

The Trade Unions and Trade Disputes Bill was read a second time by a majority of 122. It was opposed by the Attorney-General, but the division was not on party lines. The main objects of the Bill are to legalise "picketing," which is defined as "peaceful persuasion" of workmen to give up their employment; and to protect trade unions from actions for damages on account of the acts of their agents.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"AGATHA," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Fine feathers may make fine birds, but fine writing is not enough to make a good play; and if Mr. Tree wishes to achieve success at His Majesty's with his special Monday evening performances, he must stage better work than the "Agatha" of Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Louis Parker. The dialogue of this piece is its only commendable feature, for it has all the prolixity of Mrs. Ward's fiction without any of the wit and fancy we expect from Mr. Parker, or any of those convincing studies of character that are the prime merit of our "modern George Eliot's" very serious art. Indeed, the plot of "Agatha" is preposterous enough for a penny novelette, and most of the *dramatis personæ* are utterly unreal. The conduct of Agatha's father, Sir Richard Fancourt, sufficiently illustrates the absurdity and the ugliness of the dramatists' story. Here is a ruined baronet anxious to rehabilitate himself by marrying his daughter to a wealthy husband. So far an allowable if conventional scheme! But what does this "gentleman" do when the girl rejects her elderly suitor, but tell her deliberately she is no daughter of his and send her to her mother to learn the shame of her birth! He has kept this secret for twenty years, only to explode it, not on his wife and her lover, but on the innocent victim of their wrongdoing. Men "don't do such things," and no interpretation could make such scenes agreeable or plausible. As it happens, the rendering at His Majesty's is very uneven. The most earnest acting is that of Mr. Herbert Waring as the insufferable baronet, and Mr. Henry Neville and Mr. Dawson Milward suffice in other rôles; but that promising novice, Miss Viola Tree, has had too little experience to compass the supposed anguish of such a heroine as Agatha.

"EVERYBODY'S SECRET," AT THE HAYMARKET.

"Everybody's Secret" ought to justify its title; its time-honoured romanticism and sugary sentimentalism won hands down on Tuesday night, and the verdict of average playgoers will undoubtedly be that of the Haymarket's select first-night audience. The appeal of the play—which has been adapted by Captain Marshall and Mr. Louis Parker from the French of M. Pierre Wolff's "Secret de Polichinelle," but which in the English version is made a study in Robertsonian "caste"—feeling—depends entirely upon a very amusing second act, wherein *l'art d'être grand-père* and, we may add, *l'art d'être grand-mère* is taught with a direct simplicity that Victor Hugo or Mr. Swinburne might envy. A young lieutenant in the Guards has made a *mésalliance* with a girl employed in a florist's shop. Cast off in the first act by his parents, a couple of unwitting sentimentalists who exaggerate another's stern rectitude, he and his wife are now visited at different hours by his father and mother, who prove easy victims to the charms of his five-year-old boy. The boy, indeed, delightfully played by Miss Iris Hawkins, made the success of the piece, and this young actress was well supported by Mr. Cyril Maude as the grandfather, by Miss Carlotta Addison as the grandmother, by Mr. Charles Bryant, of "Iris" fame, as the father, and by that charming *ingénue*, Miss Jessie Bateman, who has the rôle of a twentieth-century Mrs. George D'Alroy.

MR. NORMAN FORBES'S SHYLOCK AT TERRY'S.

On Thursday of last week Mr. Norman Forbes repeated at Terry's Theatre his interesting impersonation of Shylock—a performance of rare intelligence and quite uncommon merit, which, but for the accident of a casual illness of Sir Henry Irving's, might never have been discovered—a piece of acting far in advance of anything this comedian, as he was usually considered, has up to now done on the stage. The chief note struck by Mr. Forbes seems that of grim cunning; this actor

does not hide the grotesque and mean sides of the Jew under a grand air of sublimity. His Shylock, however, while crafty, has plenty of rhetorical force and vehemence, and makes in the trial-scene a most touching and genuinely pathetic appeal. Excellent support was given Mr. Norman Forbes in this "Merchant of Venice" revival by Mr. Jack Barnes as Antonio, and by Mr. Henry Ainley, who made a most manly and strenuous Bassanio; and there was a certain negative prettiness about Mrs. Constance Stuart's Portia.

"OFF THE RANK," AT THE STRAND.

When its abnormally long second act has been reduced to respectable proportions, Mr. Lawrence Sterne's new farce, "Off the Rank," should prove a very enjoyable and rollicking entertainment. Its fun may be rather of the rough-and-tumble sort, and its situations wildly extravagant, but, at any rate, this piece gives that ingenious and fantastic comedian, Mr. Willie Edouin, some of the best opportunities he has ever enjoyed for indulging his skill in quick changes of identity and satirical portraiture. Inasmuch as the plot of the farce turns on the embarrassments of a cabman who is falsely suspected (and suspects himself) of having been guilty of robbery, and, to escape arrest, adopts a series of disguises, Mr. Edouin is called upon to impersonate fully half-a-dozen different comic creatures. He is supremely amusing in each instance, but quite the most artistic of all his caricatures is that of a milliner; Mr. Edouin in petticoats should make the fortunes of Mr. Sterne's play. The chief comedian is well backed up by Mr. Farren Soutar as a young rake, Miss Nora Lancaster as this scamp's future bride, Miss Susie Vaughan as a quaint dowager, and Mr. H. J. Ford as a plumber to the life.

THE NEW PROGRAMME AT THE COLISEUM.

The Coliseum has wisely adhered to a definite sort of programme, consisting very largely of what is known as the scene—that is, a sentimental song elaborately illustrated by scenery and afforded a choral accompaniment. This handsome house has also secured a particular class of audience—those people who welcome gladly a variety entertainment provided they can be sure that no part of it will offend their rather squeamish moral sense. The current week's evening bill at the Coliseum is almost entirely new. For instance the favourite soprano, Madame Alice Esty, appears in a fresh operatic excerpt, taken from "Cavalleria Rusticana." Miss Madge Lessing, again (like Madame Esty), is not new to this theatre, but she has two novel "turns," one a military ditty about a boy bugler called Taps, the other a song with dance accompaniment, styled "Rosa Anna." A genuine newcomer is Miss Winifred Hare, who, in a Tokio scene, showing the Feast of Lanterns, introduces a Japanese mother's lullaby, "Sleep, Little Brown Dove," and follows this with a song of Frederick Clay's, "Banish Sorrow," rendered in the character of Nell Gwynne.

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Slavery. Bart Kennedy. (Treherne. 6s.)
Natural History in Zoological Gardens. Frank E. Beldard. (Constable. 6s.)
Imperialism. Dr. Emil Reich. (Hutchinson. 3s. 6d.)
The Real New York. Rupert Hughes. (Hutchinson.)
Miss Badsworth. M.F.H. Eyre Hussey. (Longmans. 6s.)
British Bird Life. W. Percival Westell. (Fisher Unwin. 5s.)

UNAUTHORISED REPRESENTATION.

As it has been ascertained that many unauthorised persons are in the habit of claiming to represent THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, the Editor desires that applications made in his name shall not be entertained unless the applicant presents an official card signed by the Editor himself or one of the Directors.



THE WEEPERS: A CURIOUS RELIGIOUS SOLEMNITY IN UPPER LOMBARDY.

DRAWN BY RICARDO PELLEGRINI.

This solemnity, peculiar to the Sabbia Valley, takes the form of a procession preceded by weeping women with dishevelled hair hanging over their shoulders. They are intended to represent grief and pain, and their prayers are offered on behalf of all the sufferers and mourners who on bended knee line their passage. The idea is that the plaints and prayers of the weepers are more acceptable to the departed than those of the real mourners themselves, who, on the day of the procession, pay a pious visit to the cemeteries.

KUROPATKIN'S PRAYER FOR VICTORY: A RELIGIOUS SERVICE IN THE FIELD AT MUKDEN.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HEJK.



THE DEFEATED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY WITH HIS STAFF AND FOLLOWERS SUPPLICATING DIVINE AID IN THE CAMPAIGN.

The field services of the Russian army have been among the most impressive incidents of the campaign, and were, indeed, pathetic because of the continued ill-fortune which has attended the Russian arms. Slightly in advance of the holy table, at which the priest officiated, the General knelt alone, and behind him were grouped the imperial and regimental standards. Around the chaplain were ranged the Staff officers, and further off appeared the serried ranks of the soldiers, for many of whom the day just opening was destined to be their last.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT
TO LISBON.

No State ceremony attended her Majesty's departure for her visit to the King and Queen of Portugal. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria and Princess Charles of Denmark, left Victoria Station on the morning of March 14 for Portsmouth, where they embarked on board his Majesty's yacht *Victoria and Albert*. The yacht was, however, weather-bound for the night in Portsmouth Harbour. The Queen's absence will be extended over six weeks at least, and it is not improbable that her Majesty may go up the Mediterranean as far as Alexandria. His Majesty saw the party off from Victoria.

THE DISASTROUS
PROSPECTS
OF PEACE.

General Kuropatkin's army has once again turned the minds of politicians on both sides of the Atlantic towards the question of peace. In Russia itself everything for the moment points the other way; and the War Council, meeting at Tsarskoe Selo on March 13, under the Emperor's presidency, decided to mobilise the Grenadier Corps and two army corps forthwith. As for any Russian public movement towards peace, that is, of course, out of the question, for the people have no adequate information regarding the extent of the calamity that has befallen the Manchurian army. Against this, however, several of the more influential journals have ventured to hint that peace is now a necessity.

The Court is inclined to blame General Kuropatkin for everything that has happened, and there is a desire to try another man. In Washington, official opinion is in favour of ending the war; but the Japanese Minister there has confessed that he is doubtful as to whether it is useful to discuss the question until the time is fully ripe. It is, he holds, for Russia to say the first word. Japan is not fighting for mere territorial aggrandisement, and if Russia is desirous of a lasting and effective peace Japan would be ready to meet her with every reasonable consideration. Among the Paris journalists, M. de Lanessan advocates peace; and M. Clemenceau, while by no means surprised that Russia should wish to continue the strife, points out the obvious uselessness of further slaughter. The misery of the campaign is well exemplified in our Supplement.

THE NORTH SEA
COMMISSION.

Damages to the amount of £65,000 have been paid by Russia as compensation to the Hull fishermen. The amount is not considered sufficient at Hull; but it is fair to the Russian Government to say that they paid up with promptitude. In all probability they would have paid considerably more with equal readiness, so great is their desire to have done with an affair which has brought them into such discredit. They would do well to dissuade the irrepressible Klado from the publication of his book. It is announced in Paris that in this precious work the outrage on the Dogger Bank is ascribed to "an English plot." Captain Klado kindly exonerates the British Government, but charges the fishermen with having been in the pay of the Japanese. Nothing that Klado can do or say can excite any feeling but ridicule. Still, he is a Russian official, and his Government should suppress him for their own sake.

LORD ROSEBERY.

Still preserving his detachment from official Liberalism, Lord Rosebery made a none the less significant speech at the City Liberal Club about the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and Home Rule. He declared that no Government would refuse to renew the alliance, if this could be done on "favourable conditions." That stands to reason, and yet not one of the official Liberals has had the courage to say it. Lord Rosebery reminded them that before they could adopt a policy of Home Rule, in the Gladstonian sense, they would have to ask for a popular mandate, and that the country will never permit the establishment of "a dual Government at the heart of the Empire." This is explicit, and being explicit is not much relished by the official Liberals, although they know perfectly well that no Liberal Ministry will ever

venture to propose again the setting up of an Irish Parliament with a responsible Executive.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The retirement of Mr. George Wyndham and the appointment of the Earl of Onslow to be Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords are responsible for a decided re-shuffling of the Cabinet. Mr. Walter Hume Long, who succeeds the ex-Minister in what must be regarded as the most difficult post in

The Hon. Ailwyn Edward Fellowes, who takes the place of the Earl of Onslow as President of the Board of Agriculture, is keenly interested in agricultural matters, and submits his theories to a practical test on the four thousand acres of which he is the owner. He has held what may be called the family seat in the House of Commons—the North (Ramsey) Division of Huntingdonshire—since 1887, and has been Vice-Chamberlain and a Unionist Whip, and Junior Lord of the Treasury.

Sir Edward Goschen goes to Vienna next May with a rich crop of experience garnered in Madrid, Constantinople, Buenos Aires, Paris, Rio de Janeiro, Peking, Lisbon, Washington, St. Petersburg, Belgrade, and, most recently, Copenhagen. He has served the Foreign Office since 1869, and, of course, succeeds Sir Francis Plunkett.

The new Chairman of the London County Council, Mr. Edwin A. Cornwall, is a man of forty, who has taken a very large share in municipal government.

When the central authority was only three years old he became one of its members, but he had already made his mark in public life. Almost immediately after his election he was appointed one of the Whips of the Progressive party, and came in time to be chief Whip. He also served as Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee and of the Main Drainage and Rivers Committee. When the Holborn to Strand scheme came into being, Mr. Cornwall was Vice-Chairman of the Improvements Committee, and there is hardly one of the Council's many activities to which he has not lent valuable support. His services to education have been important, and his tenure of the Chair is likely to be eventful in the history of the body he now presides over.

By the sudden death in church of Sir James Gell on Sunday last the Isle of Man lost one of its most prominent officials. At the time of his death Sir James was Clerk of the Rolls of the Isle of Man, an ex-officio member of the Legislative and Executive Councils, and Chairman of the Insular Justices. At various times he filled the posts of High Bailiff of Castletown, Attorney-General, Deputy-Governor, Acting-Governor, and Chairman of the Board of Education, and always with ability. He was born eighty-three years ago, and was admitted to the Manx Bar in 1845.

Henry Cyril Paget, fifth Marquess of Anglesey, Baron Paget, and Earl of Uxbridge, who died at Nice on March 14 at the early age of twenty-nine, had little sympathy with the duties usually demanded of one in his position, and his taste for the fantastic led him to an indulgence in the bizarre, to the production of elaborate pantomimes in which he played chief parts, to the amassing of an extraordinary collection of jewels and objects of art, and, finally, to the execution of a deed of assignment to his creditors, which ended in the dismantling of Beau Desert Park and Anglesey Castle, and a number of sales which created little short of a sensation. He was held in considerable esteem in the neighbourhood of Bangor, Anglesea, and Carnarvon, where he was interested in a number of charitable projects. He was married in 1898 to Lilian Florence

Maud, daughter of Sir G. Chetwynd by his marriage with the widow of the last Marquess of Hastings.

Canon Glazebrook, one of the most successful headmasters in England, has resigned the headship of Clifton College on account of ill-health. He went to Clifton in 1891 from Manchester Grammar School, where he had been High Master since 1888. A Londoner

by birth, Canon Glazebrook was educated at Dulwich and at Balliol, where he took a first class in both the Honour Classical Schools. Before his appointment to Manchester he was ten years assistant-master at Harrow. His publications include writings on classical, educational, and theological subjects.

There will be few, if any, to cavil at the appointment of Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock as successor to Sir August Manns as musical director of the Crystal Palace. Not only has Mr. Hedgcock, as organist, been associated with the Palace for a good many years, playing at many great musical functions, including the Handel Festivals, but, by his compositions, he has proved himself a musician of considerable ability.



Photo, Russell.
THE HON. AILWYN E.
FELLOWES, M.P.,
NEW PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD
OF AGRICULTURE.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE MOST NOBLE
THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY,
NEW PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD
OF TRADE.



Photo, Russell.
THE RIGHT HON. WALTER
H. LONG, M.P.,
NEW CHIEF SECRETARY TO THE LORD
LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE RIGHT HON. GERALD
BALFOUR, M.P.,
NEW PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL
GOVERNMENT BOARD.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES AND APPOINTMENTS.

the Cabinet, is a politician who knows well how to hold his ground, and Mr. Balfour's selection is, therefore, doubtless wise. At Harrow and at Oxford he was recognised as a hard-hitter in the cricket-field, and the characteristic has not lessened as the years have passed over him, as his fight on the rabies question, for instance,



A MINIATURE OF THE QUEEN.

PAINTED BY ALYNN WILLIAMS, R.M.S.

This miniature of her Majesty, together with one of the King, is being exhibited at the Dowdeswell Galleries, 160, New Bond Street, W. Messrs. Dowdeswell are also showing miniatures of eyes by Richard Cosway, George Engleheart, and others, and it would seem that there is to be a return to this quaint fashion. The miniatures of the King and Queen were painted at special sittings. They have been presented to the Corporation of London by Sir Alfred Reynolds, J.P.

amply testified. His knowledge of political affairs is wide, and he has been Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board and President of the Board



Photo, Kent and Lacy.
MR. E. A. CORNWALL, J.P.,
NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON
COUNTY COUNCIL.



Photo, Russell.
CANON GLAZEBROOK,
RETIERING FROM THE HEADMASTER-
SHIP OF CLIFTON.



Photo, Russell.
MR. WALTER W. HEDGCOCK,
NEW MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF THE
CRYSTAL PALACE.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
SIR EDWARD GOSCHEN, K.C.M.G.,
NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO
VIENNA.

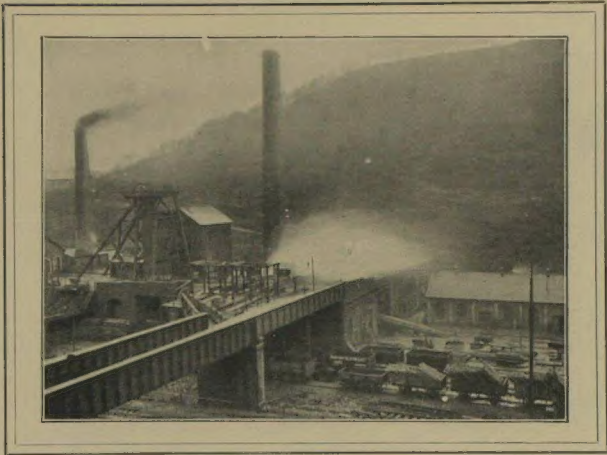


Photo. Illustrations-Bureau.
THE BURNING WELSH COAL-PIT: LLANHILLETH COLLIERY,
WHERE EIGHTEEN MEN LOST THEIR LIVES.

An explosion occurred in this colliery in the Rhondda Valley about six o'clock p.m. on March 10. The accident happened at a depth of 400 yards, and was followed by a fierce conflagration at the bottom of the 6-foot seam. This precluded all hope of rescue for the imprisoned men. Sixty-five of the miners had been got out safely when the guide-rope of the cage broke, putting a further barrier in the way of rescue.



A LIFE-SAVING MONASTERY BURNED: THE FAMOUS ALPINE TRAVELLERS' SHELTER,
THE ST. GOTHARD HOSPICE.

The famous hospice on the St. Gothard Pass, so long a welcome resting-place for wayfarers before the days of the St. Gothard Tunnel, was destroyed by fire on the night of March 10. The lives of hundreds of snow-bound travellers were saved by the monks and their dogs, for they followed the same methods of rescue as their brethren of St. Bernard. In recent years it had ceased to be a religious house, and was used as an inn.

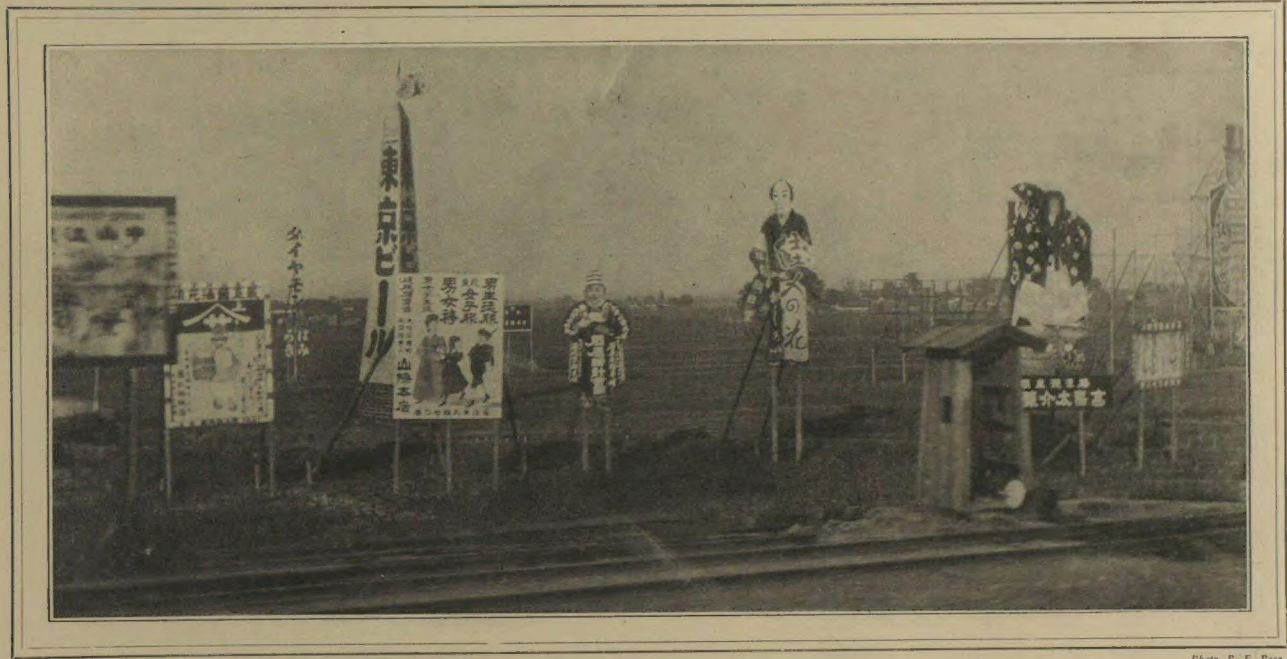


Photo. R. E. Ross.

WESTERN ADVERTISING METHODS IN JAPAN: A QUIANT DISPLAY ALONG THE RAILWAY.

Even artistic Japan has not been able to escape the commercial temptation to border her railway-lines with designs setting forth the excellence of various commodities. The signs are, however, rather more interesting (as they might easily be) than those that tease the eye of the British traveller. The placard on the extreme left advertises soap, and those that follow (taking them in order towards the right) are advertisements of the Japanese sauce, "soy"; of Diamond tooth-powder, Tokio beer, a clothing-store, a clock-dealer, a face-powder, the Japanese wine, "saki"; a bicycle-dealer, and a patent medicine. These occur on the railway between Kobe and Osaka.

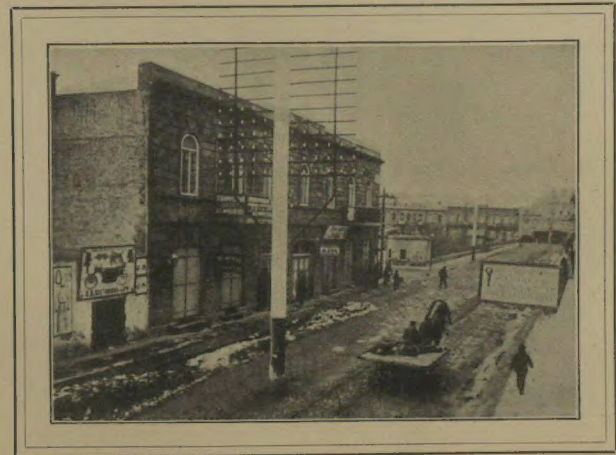


Photo. Beaumont and Stearns.

CARRYING AWAY THE DEAD.



NICHOLAS STREET IN BAKU.

THE SOCIAL UPHEAVAL IN RUSSIA: SCENES OF THE ABOMINABLE ATROCITIES IN BAKU.

In Baku the Tartar population has fallen upon the Armenians, and at the end of last month abominable atrocities were perpetrated. Houses were attacked and set on fire, and when the inhabitants attempted to escape they were met with showers of bullets. Some of the wealthier Armenians were able to ransom themselves, but those who could not perished miserably. At least 350 persons were maimed and killed, but as the Tartars removed their own dead the numbers will never be accurately ascertained. The Governor has placed the town under military law. No one may go out after eight o'clock, and the streets are nightly patrolled by Cossacks.

TIBET'S MOST BENIGN GODDESS, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN REINCARNATE
IN QUEEN VICTORIA.

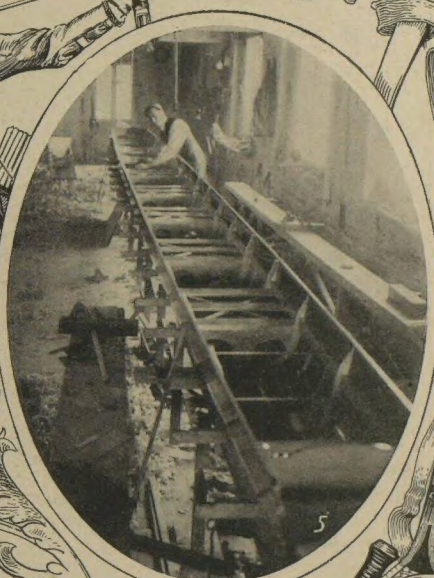
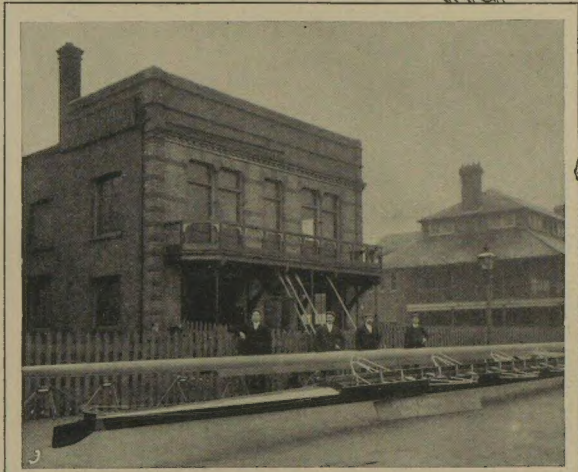
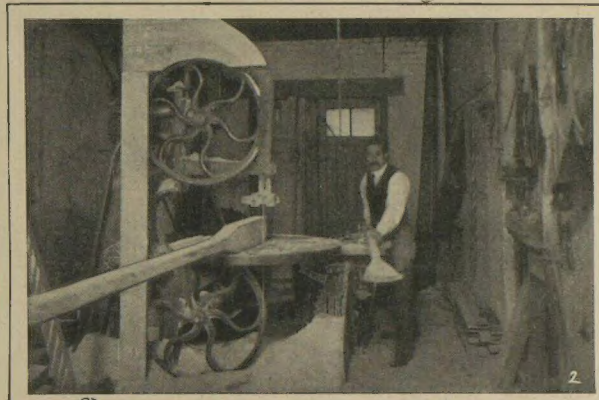


THE KINDLY GODDESS, PALDEN LAMO, RENDERED APPARENTLY TERRIFIC BY BUDDHA TO FRIGHTEN ENEMIES OF LAMAISM.

This Tibetan picture represents Palden Lamo, the Guardian Goddess of Lamaism, in her "terrible" aspect. No other female deity is held in such awe, affection, and respect by the Tibetans, and it was intended as the sincerest compliment to Queen Victoria that she is universally regarded as having been the latest reincarnation on earth of Palden Lamo. The Tibetans argue that the fact is indisputable. They will remind one that so long as Queen Victoria lived, the frontiers of Tibet were held strictly inviolate by India; but that, immediately after her death, the English troops came by force and penetrated to the very capital itself. Palden Lamo is here represented haloed with flame, and holding a "dorje," or symbolic thunderbolt, in her right hand. On the whole, this is a far less appalling picture of her than is often found. Terrible emblems and attributes were restored to the autochthonous deities of Tibet by Buddha, after their conversion to his faith, in order that they might the better frighten away the enemies of the new creed. No goddess is in character or influence more really benign than Palden Lamo, little as it might be thought from her portrait.

THE CRAFT OF THE CONTEST.

FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY CALLCOTT; ONE BY KEEVIL.



THE
NEW BOATS
FOR THE
OXFORD
AND
CAMBRIDGE
RACE.

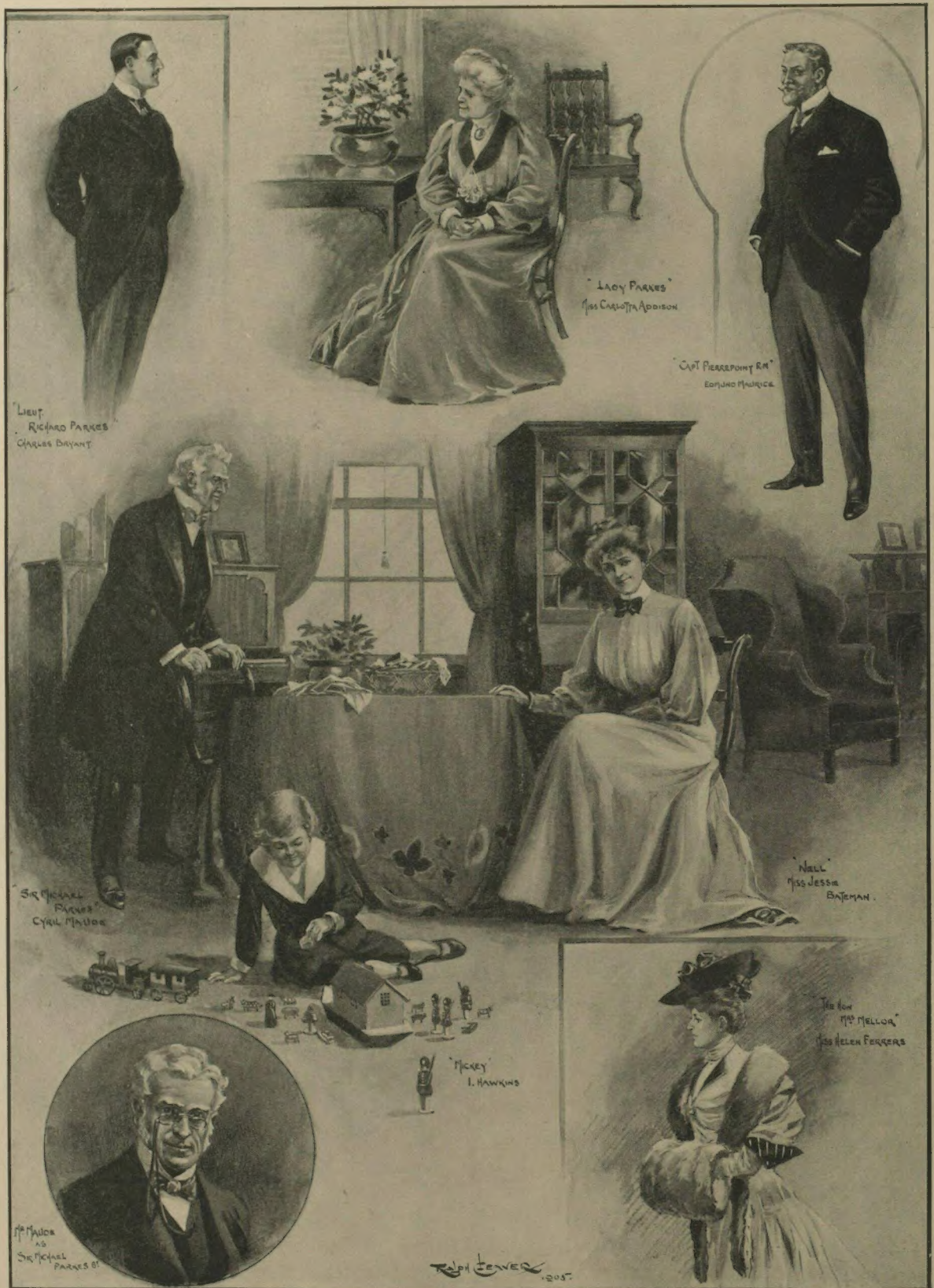
1. BUILDING THE BOATS AT SIMS'S, PUTNEY.
3. THE BOATS FINISHED.
4. FINISHING THE OARS BY HAND AT AYLING'S.

2. ROUGH-BLOCKING THE OARS ON THE SAW-MILL AT AYLING'S.
5. BUILDING THE OXFORD BOAT AT SIMS'S.

The boats are built of Mexican cedar, and fitted inside with white pine. The ribs, which number 136, are of zycamore. The skin, or hull, of the boat is put on in three lengths on each side of the boat, with a joint down the centre of the keel, or backbone. The backbone is also made of white pine. The sliding seats move 16 in. when the crew are in full swing. The riggers are made of steel tubes. The dimensions are—Length over all, 63 ft; beam in centre, 23½ in.; depth of actual boat, 9½ in.; depth over all, 13½ in. The skin or hull is 3-16 in. in thickness.

THE NEW HAYMARKET PIECE, "EVERYBODY'S SECRET," AN ADAPTATION FROM THE FRENCH.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



CHARACTERS AND INCIDENTS FROM THE NEW PRODUCTION.

"Everybody's Secret" has been adapted by Messrs. Robert Marshall and L. N. Parker from "Le Secret de Polichinelle," by Pierre Wolff. The play gives Mr. Cyril Maude yet another opportunity for one of his studies of old age.



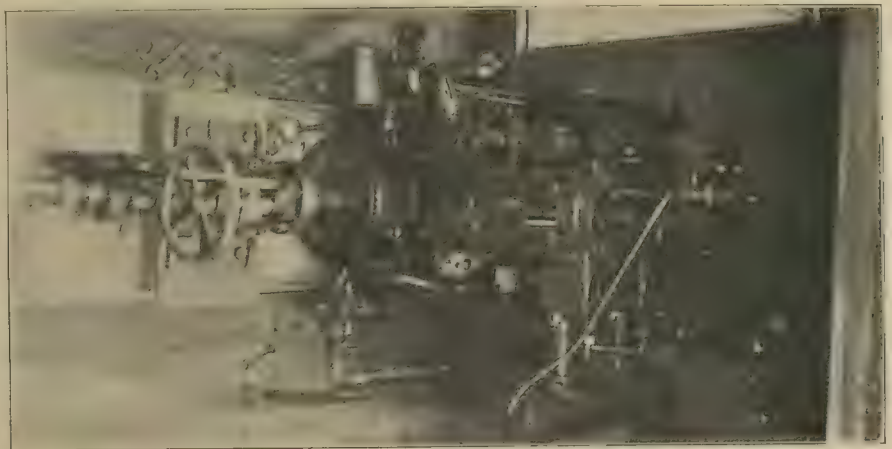
THE "REAPER" ON THE STOCKS AT SOUTHTOWN, YARMOUTH.



THE POSITION OF THE ENGINE.



A 2-H.P. MOTOR FOR THE WINCH.



THE "REAPER'S" MAIN MOTIVE POWER: THE 15-H.P. GARDNER MOTOR (VIEWED FROM ABOVE).

THE MOTOR IN THE FISHING FLEET: THE SHERINGHAM YAWL "REAPER," PROPELLED BY A MOTOR ENGINE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE TOPICAL PRESS.

On a historical occasion the North Sea Fishing Fleet was falsely accused of harbouring torpedo-boats, but it has now certainly admitted motor craft. In order to secure independence of wind and tide, Mr. H. Johnson, of Sheringham, has had his new fishing and whelking yawl, "Reaper," fitted with a 15-h.p. Gardner motor, capable of giving a speed of between seven and eight miles an hour. There is also a small auxiliary 2-h.p. paraffin motor for driving the winch. The boat, which was built by Mr. Spence, Southtown, Yarmouth, is 35½ feet long, with a beam of 6½ feet, and depth 3 feet 11 inches. It has a Gwynne reversible propeller, but in case of eventualities carries two lug-sails. The "Reaper" was launched on March 7.



ATHENIAN LAUGHIER AT OXFORD: THE "CLOUDS" OF ARISTOPHANES, PLAYED BY THE UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS.

The "Clouds," produced in 422 B.C., was intended by Aristophanes, the Bernard Shaw of Athens, as a skit upon the Sophists and the teaching of Socrates; but his attack on the philosophers was so unfair. The chief character is an elderly person, Strepsiades, who suffers from an extravagant, horse-swinging son. They go to Socrates' "Thinking-Shop," or Reflectory, to learn the use of the "better argument," which the sage is said to keep on the premises. They find Socrates suspended in a basket (a parody of the "god in the machine" of the ancient theatre); for, he is so much better argument, which the sage is said to keep on the premises. They find Socrates suspended in a basket (a parody of the "god in the machine" of the ancient theatre); for, he is so much better argument, which the sage is said to keep on the premises. They find Socrates suspended in a basket (a parody of the "god in the machine" of the ancient theatre); for, he is so much better argument, which the sage is said to keep on the premises.

BOOKS OF PEACE AND WAR.

An Act in Backwater. By E. F. Benson. (London: W. Heinemann, 6s.)
A New Paolo and Francesca. By Annie E. Holdsworth. (London: John Lane, 6s.)
Progress. By R. B. Cunningham-Graham. (London: Duckworth, 6s.)
The Twentieth Century Child. By Edward H. Cooper. (London: John Lane, 6s.)
The Yellow War. By "O." Edinburgh: W. Blackwood, 6s.)
With the Russians in Peace and War. By Colonel the Hon. F. A. Wellesley. (London: Evelyn Nash, 12s. 6d.)
A Secret Agent in Port Arthur. By William Greener. (London: Constable, 6s.)

Anthony Trollope once said that his novels came from his pen like tea from a teapot. Mr. Benson's novels suggest the same process; but his brew is a good deal more insipid than Trollope's. A very weak trickle comes from his teapot. Why anybody should want to read Mr. Benson's sketches of society in a cathedral city when they can read Trollope is one of the mysteries of psychology. Mr. Benson gives us a young artist, perfectly colourless except on his canvases, who sees a pretty girl keeping off a retriever puppy with her parasol, when the puppy is shaking himself after a bath. The colourless artist makes a sketch of this scene from memory and sends it to a local exhibition. As he and the girl are strangers to each other, the picture excites some mild gossip; the young people make each other's acquaintance, and eventually marry. That's the story. Mr. Benson throws in two old maids, a Canon and his wife, an impossible caricature of a Colonel, and an orphan baby, and thus produces 275 pages which will not bring a wrinkle to the brow of the most nervous reader. There is a little harmless fun about the Canon's wife, a severe teetotaler, who is distressed by an allusion to "mulberry gin." Even when diluted with that liquid, Mr. Benson's tea remains wholesome, but unsatisfying.

We question if it would ever be wise to entitle a story "A New Paolo and Francesca," and we are quite sure that it is not so in Miss Holdsworth's case. Her story is good as stories go, and shows more than most (perhaps) a cultivated pen, or rather a cultivated writer, at work; but it is not really distinguished. Given a heroine, Janice Catesby, with a friend, Heriot Rendell, and a companion, Miss Black, otherwise Blackie, who is engaged to Peregrine Brown, Professor at Leipzig; given also the Marchese Malvolino, of whose influence over Janice her father, not without reason, is afraid, so that he persuades her into promising to marry her cousin, Logan Catesby of Scaurlets, in the North of Scotland;—these are the premises, so to say, of the story. The father dies; the heroine leaves her Italian home for Scaurlets; she meets her cousin Logan, but she also meets his brother, Knight, and her fortunes (as the reader must discover for himself) deepen to the closing tragedy for which, to tell the truth, the light manner of the body of the book but ill prepares us. There is a tragic ending, in fact, but the story is not tragedy; Janice's character shows no real development throughout the story proper; and the book does not in any respect justify its title, from the choice of which, accordingly, it suffers in the reader's estimation. But for that we should accept it as quite a good recreative novel, for its vivacity is sufficient to cover many shortcomings.

Though writers of books are as the sands of the seashore for multitude, none invades the domain where Mr. R. B. Cunningham-Graham reigns supreme. His latest volume, "Progress," like the "Ipané" and "Success," is a collection of stories and impressions that are the offspring of no common mind. They are word-pictures instinct with spirit and atmosphere, wrought subtly and with well-thought phrase, delicate and tender despite their outspoken disregard for modern prudery, and filled to the full with a love for what is beautiful and uncommon in the world and its people. There are books we read with pleasure, and lay aside without a second thought, but Mr. Cunningham-Graham's work belongs to the rare class that we keep carefully within reach to enjoy again and again, as we return to a symphony by Dvorák or Brahms. We find nomadic life best understood and presented in "Progress," and yet not all the writer's intolerance and scorn of the commonplace can close his eyes to memorable things in the world where Western convention rules. Again, Mr. Cunningham-Graham understands the East; his moods dominate him; his brain is of the West, but his eyes are of the Orient. The qualities of imagination, sympathy, and directness that make his work distinguished are joint product of the forces of the Old World and the New, and the man who finds gratuitous coarseness or wanton irreverence in aught that Mr. Cunningham-Graham sets down proclaims his own limitations. We have grown accustomed to train our eyes to overlook some aspects of life, but the author of "Progress" declines to pass over anything that comes within the range of his artistic vision and has artistic worth; consequently, his pages are thronged with real men and women, children of nature who live without heeding the requirements of the novelist. "Progress" is a really remarkable book.

Mr. Edward H. Cooper, who has taken the world of childhood for his literary province, and who has lately shown himself a stout advocate on behalf of playgoing children, now expounds to us a discovery. In his explorations in nurseryland and the schoolroom he has recognised the growth of a new type, "The Twentieth Century Child," the product of the new literature for infants, of being much talked to, and of the child's entry into society. Fortunately, the child of to-day has enough natural grace to remain in many instances unspoiled and truly childish, in spite of influences that may tend to make it too "advanced"; and while Mr. Cooper recognises the risks, he also assesses at their proper value the advantages of the new régime, and

has his wallet crammed with amusing anecdotes of his little friends. But one is inclined to join issue with him on the score of a "new type." The too pronouncedly modern child, the epigrammatist, the *grande dame* in short frocks, is still, thank heaven, rare enough to be remarkable, and the exception is no type. It is really in so far as they remain natural that Mr. Cooper's little people remain charming. In his new book he writes, as ever, sympathetically and from close observation.

"Of many of the incidents related," says the author of "The Yellow War," "I have been an eye-witness." Clearly "O" has enjoyed advantages denied to the war-correspondents, whose plaint since the war began is that they have not been allowed to see anything. One of the incidents in this book is a single combat between a Russian officer and a Japanese officer, with the soldiers on either side, not more than three hundred paces apart, looking on. Something of this kind is said to have happened at the battle of Telissu, but nobody except "O" has given us a minute description. He could have witnessed it only if he had been in the firing line; and the story is like a very clever bit of embroidery on a tradition as old as the battle of Hastings, where the two armies were spectators of a similar duel. The little Japanese officer breaks his antagonist's sword, and then magnanimously throws away his own. The two men grapple like wrestlers, and the Russian is overcome. "Tokugawa jumps clear, and, extending his hand, helps the Russian to his feet. For a moment the two men stand with hands clasped, looking into each other's eyes. Though they cannot speak each other's tongue, yet they read thus that which no known language can express. The Russian stoops and picks something from the ground. It is a shattered crucifix; he places it in his late opponent's hand. Tokugawa tugs at the little chain at his breast. The link gives, and he passes to the Russian officer his seal and signet. Again the two men clasp hands, and then they salute and turn." It is a fine bit of chivalry, and if it did not happen exactly in this detail it probably represents one aspect of the war.

Colonel Wellesley, as Military Attaché to the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, was "With the Russians in Peace and War" for several years in the 'seventies, and had exceptional opportunities for studying the peculiarities of Muscovite administrative methods. Recent events have shown us that these methods do not differ materially from those which astonished the author of this book a quarter of a century ago; and some of his chapters go far towards helping our understanding of the self-made difficulties with which the Tsar's Government has to cope, at home and in Manchuria, at the present time. The genesis of Russian maladministration, in Colonel Wellesley's words, is the system whereby five underpaid officials are employed to do the work of one, the immediate result of which is that bribery and corruption permeates the whole machinery of government from top to bottom. Whether that can properly be called "corruption" when it is clearly understood that every official has his price and is expected to claim it, is an open question; but there can be no doubt of the consequences to the country. When the Russians took the field against Turkey in 1877, inefficiency and chaos reigned supreme, and the blunders made by those responsible for mobilisation were extraordinary. Colonel Wellesley draws a vivid picture of the confusion which followed the order to mobilise, due to the incapacity of officers and total lack of organisation; and his confidential report on these matters, finding its way to the ears of the Russian authorities, placed him, for a time at least, in a position both difficult and delicate. Those chapters of the book which describe the events preceding the Russo-Turkish War have special value and interest at the moment, but the author's account of his experiences in St. Petersburg and in the country shows that a Military Attaché's life in Russia has much to recommend it.

War-correspondents in the Far East, suffering from the censorship and from the competition of Generals who prefer to do their own reporting, have in several instances sought an outlet for their impressions in book form. Mr. William Greener, however, though it was his duty to communicate with the *Times* when the infrequent opportunities arose, was not a newspaper-correspondent in the ordinary sense, his function as "secret agent" having been, as we gather, to supply information for the shaping of the policy of his paper; and so he went through Manchuria observing and noting the development of events on the eve of the war until he arrived in Port Arthur immediately on the outbreak, and remained there as long as he could escape the attention of the police—which, by the way, was not very long. Still, he accumulated a good deal of useful knowledge that, read at the present time, throws light on the retrospect. If the Japanese had been aware of the unprepared state of Port Arthur on their first attack, they might, we are assured, have taken the town. Many of the Russian naval officers, we are astonished to learn, had no idea of risking their lives, and one of them actually said to the author, "We will not fight." There was continual friction between the naval and military authorities. General Stoessel was "generally disliked," and there is a portrait of him careering and blustering through the town and cutting a civilian across the face with his riding-whip for neglecting to salute, while soldiers trembled and hid themselves on seeing him approach; but credit is given to him for organising the inhabitants and completing the defences. The author afterwards went to Newchwang, and describes its occupation by the Japanese. He reviews some of the military operations at Port Arthur and elsewhere, and gives some noteworthy particulars of the prevailing conditions as they affected combatants and neutrals in the theatre of war.

THE WHISTLER EXHIBITION.

Many years ago it was said that "Popularity is the only insult that has not yet been offered to Mr. Whistler." And now Whistler is popular. At the New Gallery the Memorial Exhibition of his works ensures the admiration of the public he taunted and affected to despise. The two pictures of his career most in accord with public sentiment may now be seen facing each other in the West Room—the portrait of Carlyle and the "Portrait of My Mother," the one lent by the Corporation of Glasgow, and the other by the French Government from the Musée de Luxembourg on the special decree of President Loubet. The enterprise that has secured from Paris the canvas which has for long stood as Whistler's masterpiece must condone for the International Society's failure to include in this exhibition several of Whistler's most notable works. Chief among the absent is the "Little White Girl," one of his first and greatest successes. It has a dual life, for it lives in Swinburne's enraptured verses—

White rose in red rose garden
 Is not so white;
 Snowdrops that plead for pardon
 And pine for fright
 Because the hard East blows
 Over their marble rows

Grow not as this face grows from pale to bright.

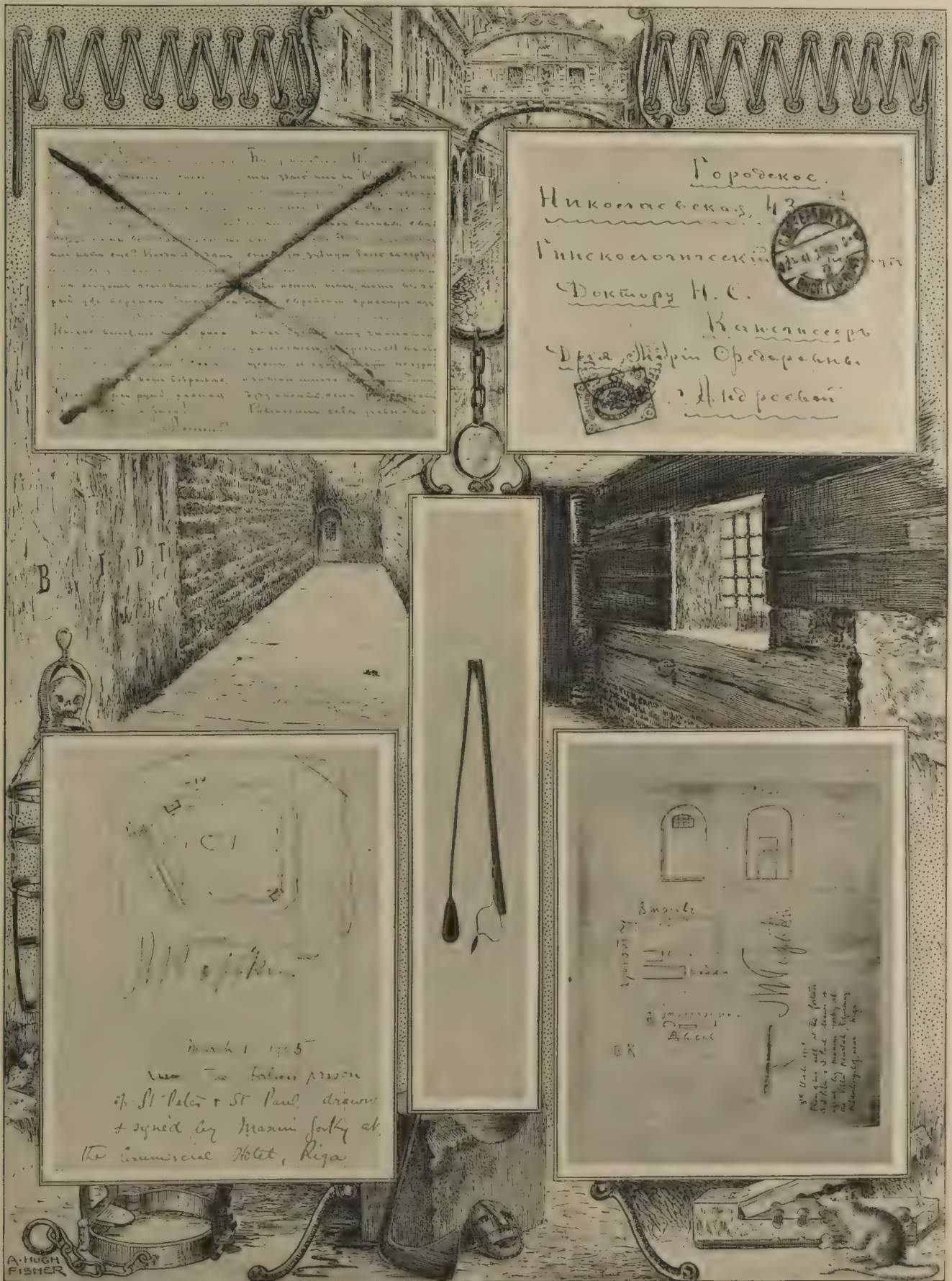
And so on through many stanzas. We miss, too, the "Lange Liesen," "La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine," the "Rosa Corder" portrait, and many more. Even that fierce picture of Mr. Leyland, painted in the moment of antagonism, would not have been amiss. It would have been interesting if only for its paint.

Thus it is that there are fewer paintings than we anticipated, and it is quite possible to have a complete representation of Whistler in future, despite the assurance of the International Society that the current exhibition is more complete than any that has been, or, in all probability, than any that will be. But if less complete than it might have been, the present collection is excellent in its display of the many periods and varying characteristics of the Master. And this not only in the department of oil-painting. The lithographs are as complete as possible, and more complete than many a Whistler student would have thought possible: for here are shown not only all those enumerated in Mr. Way's catalogue, but also a quite numerous collection of "undescribed" prints. In the central hall and in the gallery are the royal loans from the Windsor Castle library and from the private apartments of the Princess Victoria. This contribution serves to remind us that the living Whistler was not without his triumphs. He had his farthing triumph over Ruskin; he had his permanent triumph in the Luxembourg; Queen Alexandra, in her Princess days, once wore his butterfly as a badge at a private view of one of his exhibitions in Bond Street; and in Windsor Castle no other etcher is so largely represented. His triumphs in the realms of wit were many. They live in the tradition handed down by those who knew him; and they are enclosed in the brown-paper covers of half-a-dozen of his brochures. But his triumph now at the New Gallery is the greatest triumph of all.

It is the greatest of all because it is the triumph of what was most serious in him. The collection here teaches how high was his sense of beauty—albeit not the highest; how steady was his purpose—albeit not the most exalted. It shows how truly his triumphs in paint were the prevailing motive of his life, and not his triumphs of repartee. Such a painting as "Trafalgar Square, Chelsea," reveals the sensitiveness of a nature outwardly mocking or merely flippant. That his art could fill so many walls with works extraordinarily perfect in the matter of technique is an achievement which drowns the Butterfly that he affected in a sea of admiration. So much is said on this occasion because to see a Whistler here and there, apart, is not the way to realise his qualities. It is in the gathering that his strength is felt. His strength is the first impression. Perhaps some moderation in admiration must needs come with the second hour at the New Gallery; for it is hardly possible to give serious appreciation to so great an artist without getting behind the presentation that first offer to the eye without paying into the qualities they lack as well as into those which they possess. We would say, then, that Whistler lacks genius, if genius be the power that has brought about the consummate things of art. But, if genius be anything but what is greatest, then Whistler had genius. It may only be denied him if we say that genius includes inspiration. Whistler's art was too finished, too conscious, almost too perfect technically, to admit of inspiration. There is no sudden joyful statement of a thing seen; his statements are all perfectly considered, perfectly composed. Composure is, perhaps, the prevailing note on a second visit at the New Gallery; not will we deplore, but rather hail, its presence.

In the adjacent picture at St. James's, Irving is depicted standing before the canvas of Whistler's view. How soberly, and with how great a sacredness, gazed the gold embroidery of the black cloak! While the other art of his day would have laboured to gold the gold, and have sacrificed in so doing this quiet dignity, Whistler worked differently, laying down the certain laws of good taste. In the same room is the portrait of Cicely Henrietta Alexander, a picture as perfect and beautiful technically as any work of Whistler's of any other painter. At the other end of the same room is the animated portrait called "The Fur Jacket." Many are the Nocturnes, one of which was the cause of the distressing conflict which ended in Ruskin's retirement from the trade of critic; and many the interiors and landscape. Least satisfactory of all are the several portrait-studies of girls, mostly executed on a scale slightly below the *Portrait of My Mother*, and in a forced construction as to the scale for the distance who has not sufficient command of himself to be able to forget the trials in homage to the merits. W. M.

GORKY'S PLANS OF HIS PRISON, AND LETTERS WRITTEN DURING HIS DETENTION.



FACSIMILE PAGE OF A LETTER WRITTEN FROM PRISON BY THE AUTHOR TO HIS WIFE.

PLAN SIGNED BY GORKY SHOWING THE POSITION OF HIS CELL IN THE FORTRESS OF PETER AND PAUL.

AN INSTRUMENT OF RUSSIAN TYRANNY: THE NAGHATKA, OR COSSACKS' LOADED WHIP.

THE ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO MADAME GORKY.

GORKY'S PLAN OF HIS CELL.

The references are: (1) Prison Baths; (2) Courtyard; (3) Dotted line showing the path of the novelist's fifteen minutes' daily exercise; (4) Boxes for armed sentries who watched the prisoner at exercise; (5) Main building of prison.

The two upper small sketches show the window and the door at opposite ends of the cell. The upper aperture in the door is a chink for observation, the lower is for handing in food. The lower diagram is the ground plan of the cell, showing the table, which was fixed by a bracket to the wall, as in the lower right-hand sketch.

The plan of the courtyard was made and signed by Gorky in the account-book of a correspondent. The cross mark on the manuscript was made by the prison Governor's assistant after the Governor had read and approved the letter. The official used a solution of copperas, leaving a bright yellow stain, which would have revealed the presence of any writing in invisible ink. The border design is symbolical of duvance vile, and shows, below the Bridge of Sighs, the jougs, an iron collar once used in Scotland to fasten offending women to the church door. The drawing in the left centre is the cemetery in old Nevigate (now cleared away), where executed criminals were buried, their names being recorded on the walls by a single initial. To the right is the Lollards' Prison in Lambeth Palace; and beneath Nevigate appears the iron frame used for the punishment of hanging in chains. In this the body, coated with tar, remained until it was reduced to a skeleton. Below this is the branks, an iron head-piece for scolding women: the spatula, on the lower bar, was forced into the mouth to keep the tongue quiet. To the right of this appears the Tower block, axe, and headsman's mask used at the execution of Lord Lovat. The last design is the finger-stocks, a contrivance like a mouse-trap, for confining offenders' fingers.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

AGE AND WORK.

Professor Osler, M.D., who is leaving America to occupy an important position as a teacher of medicine in England, has set the critics—mostly of a newspaper order—by the ears. They have descended upon him with the weight of the proverbial "cartload of bricks," and have literally sought to rend him. This remark applies to journals on the other side of the Atlantic. It was once said of a Scottish editor that he joked with difficulty. Clearly some of our American brethren appear to experience considerable difficulty in understanding a witicism. The head and front of Dr. Osler's offence was that in the course of some remarks made in the delivery of a farewell address given at the Johns Hopkins University, he said that, on reaching the age of sixty years, men should be chloroformed as being unfit for further intellectual work, or, by implication, for any kind of work at all.

What the Professor did say, it appears, is that sixty years of age was a proper time for the cessation of labour. It appears to him to represent a period when man had done his best, and when thereafter his work would be likely to be inefficient, or, shall we say? apt to exhibit defective qualities. Of course, the idea of procuring euthanasia for sexagenarians by aid of chloroform, and of thus making way for younger units, was only a little joke. Grim it might have been, but it was surely a piece of sarcastic utterance, delivered before a University audience, when all is said and done. It resembles the remark of a man who objected to the poor-rates, and who argued that we should treat our aged paupers and lunatics as the natives of certain South Sea Islands, do in the case of two venerable relatives. They get rid of them by hitting them on the head with a club.

I understand that Professor Osler himself is aged fifty-six years. It is not conceivable that he can believe in sixty as the age-limit for effective work, if he elects to leave his native country in order to teach medicine only for four years more in this land of ours. I have noticed a remark to the effect that Dr. Osler's idea of the painless extinction of elderly persons is really taken from one of Anthony Trollope's works. Bishop Proudie, if I am not mistaken—and Mrs. Proudie, of course—lasted so long as convenient figures in his novels, that it was said a member of the Athenæum Club remarked in Trollope's hearing one day that he would feel intensely grateful when the novelist killed both of them off. This beneficent idea, I understand, Trollope promptly proceeded to put in practice. Be the source of the notion what it may, Dr. Osler's words have succeeded, through the prominence given to them, in exciting a lively interest in a very important question—namely, that of the age at which a man may be regarded as having reached the end of his tether as an efficient worker and as an effective unit in the world's fighting forces.

The first point for consideration is that which concerns the nature of the work a man pursues. This fact has been largely lost sight of in the discussions which of late days have ensued over Dr. Osler's dictum; yet it is evident the character of the labour a man performs must exercise a very appreciable effect on his health and vitality. The general rule may be trusted to in this respect of assuming that purely manual labour—that of "the hewer of wood and the drawer of water"—is far more likely to find a man at sixty incapacitated than in the case where the work has been of intellectual kind. This view, I take it, expresses the experience of most persons who have studied the question at all. How often do we see a labourer old even at fifty years of age, while the judge, the doctor, the teacher, the clergyman, and the business-man is still active and hearty ten years later. It may be argued that the labourer has not enjoyed the chances of a healthy and well-ordered life to the extent represented in the case of his intellectual brethren. He fails early because he has not cultivated his vitality, or, at least, because he has not enjoyed their opportunities of living a healthy life. No doubt this is true, and the premature age-limit arrives as a consequence of an ill-regulated existence. But even this rule shows its exceptions. Here and there we meet with toilers and moilers who at an age over sixty are capable of doing a fair day's work. As an aged man of the working classes once remarked to me, he was "as fit as a fiddle if it wasn't for the rheumatics." I have referred to the great vitality of intellectual men, and this fact is borne out by the life of many distinguished persons. Judges have done good work when the sixties have been long passed, and the same remark applies to members of professions other than the legal.

Is it, then, that the body wears out sooner than the brain, or is there something in the general life of the intellectual man which, as part and parcel of his constitution, gives him a longer lease of working power than is accorded to his humbler neighbours? I suspect that, allowing for the personal equation—for that individual constitution which means so much in all questions of human interest—we may fairly believe that, given a healthy organisation, the brain-worker is very far from failing at sixty years of age. I know men who even under the burden of seventy years are very hale in a mental sense. Then, also, there is the question of brain-development to be considered. A review of the age at which the best intellectual work has been accomplished seems to indicate that man's cerebral powers do not attain their highest development before the age of forty or forty-five years. If this is so, then we may expect that, given health and strength, he is far from approaching exhaustion at sixty. If the American journalists feel their powers declining before the latter period, we may set down that result as due possibly to the "hustling" spirit of the race.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G. BROWN (Helfant).—The two-mover can be solved by 1. B to B 4th. The other is hardly up to our standard.
J. O. THAIN (Bristol). The amended version is sound and shall appear.
S. N. SUBRAMANIAM (Cuddalore).—We shall have pleasure in publishing your problem.
REV. G. DODDS (New Orleans).—Your problem is marked for insertion.
J. MORLEY (Hamilton, Ontario).—In No. 3165 if Black play P to K 7th, 2. Q to K 4th and mate 1. P to B 3rd, 2. K to B 4th, mate. We think you must look again at Nos. 3170 and 3171.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 3163 and 3164 received from Fred Long (Santiago); of No. 3173 from Scenic; of No. 3174 from A. W. Hamilton-Gill (Exeter), H. A. S. M. (Stockwell), Scenic, Herbert J. Chapman (Luton), S. Brown (Hedley), Dorman, A. W. Roberts (Sandhurst), and L. Desanges (West Drayton).

CHESS IN A MINUTE.

Game played between Messrs. ALBY and SCHLECHTER.

(Queen's Pawn Game).

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K 4th	20. Kt to Q 2nd	R to R 5th
2. B to B 4th	P to B 4th	21. K to R 2nd	
Striking an unusual path at once, which, on the whole, leads up to an excellent game.			
3. B takes Kt	K takes B	22. P takes P	P to K 5th
4. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	23. Q R to Kt sq	R to K 3rd
5. P to K 3rd	B takes P	24. Kt to Kt 3rd	Kt takes K P
6. B to Kt 3rd	B to Q 2nd	25. K to Kt sq	Kt takes K P
7. B takes B ch		26. K takes Kt	K takes P
What's intention, no doubt, is to avoid the kind of position in which his opponent rejoices; but it is interesting to note how soon he is tempted to enter the toils of his opponent's foe.			
8. Q to Kt 4th	Q takes B	27. Kt to Q 3th	
9. Q takes P	K to B 3rd	28. Kt to K 3th	
10. Kt to Q 4th	K to K 2nd	29. Kt takes Q	R takes Q (ch)
11. Kt to Q 6th	B to Q 3rd	30. K to K 3rd	K takes Kt
12. Q to R 3rd	R R to Kt sq	31. R takes P (ch)	K to B 3rd
13. Kt to R 3rd	P to Kt 4th	32. R takes P	R (Kt) to Kt 5
14. Kt to K 2nd	R to Kt 5th	33. R to R 5th (ch)	K to B 4th
15. P to B 3rd	Q R to Kt 3rd	34. K to K 5th	K to B 5th
16. P to Kt 3rd	P to Kt 5th		
17. Castles K R	P to K 4th		
18. Q to Kt and	P to K 4th		
19. P to K R 3rd	P to K 4th		
The Rook seems doubtful, but the pulse of cutting it is more than the least is worth, while undisturbed it is a continuous menace.			

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3174.—By G. F. H. PARKER.

WHITE.

1. K to R 7th

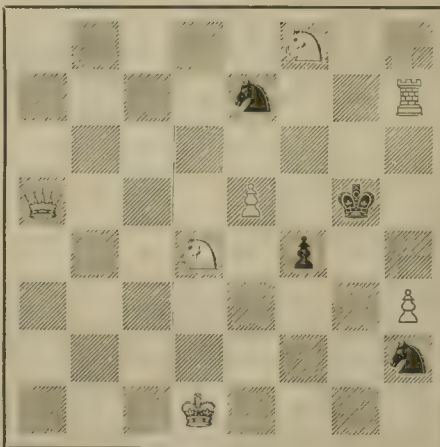
2. Q or B Mates.

BLACK.

Any move

PROBLEM No. 3177.—By R. St. G. BURKE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN PARIS.

Game played in the match between Messrs. MARSHALL and JANOWSKY.

(Sicilian Defence).

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	10. P to K 4th	B takes P
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K 3rd	17. Q to Kt 4th	
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 4th	To prevent the ever-threatened Q to R 5th.	
4. P takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. Q to K 3rd	Q to B 3rd
5. P takes P	Kt to B 3rd	18. Q to K 3rd	Q to K 3rd
6. B to K 3rd	B to K 2nd	19. Q to Kt 2nd	R to K 3rd
7. B to Q Kt 5th	Castles	20. Q to Q sq	R R to K 5th
8. W to Q Kt 5th	B to Kt 5th	21. R takes R	R takes R
9. Castles	P takes B	22. Q to B sq	Q to K 4th
10. B takes Kt	Kt to K 5th	23. Q to R 3rd	R to K 3rd
11. Kt to Q 4th	Kt to K 5th	24. K to Kt 2nd	B takes P
White already shows himself to be seriously embarrassed by the action of the adverse Bishop and Knight, and this move virtually means the surrender of a piece to save a Pawn. It will be seen the Knight never comes into play again.			
12. Kt to Kt 4th		25. Q to K 3rd	P to K R 3rd
13. B to K 3rd	B takes Kt	26. P to K 3rd	B to K 4th
14. P takes B	P to Q 5th	27. K to Kt sq	P to Q 6th
The attacking combination here is very fine. B takes P is clearly impossible, and White's next few moves are all forced to save off immediate disaster.			
15. B takes Kt	B takes B	28. K to Kt sq	P to Q 6th
Black makes rings round his opponent, whose struggles at this point are as futile as a mouse in the jaws of a cat. The game is beautifully played by the winner.			
16. Q to K 3rd	P to K R 3rd	29. P to K 3rd	P to Q 7th
17. Q to K 3rd	Q to K 3rd	30. Q to B 8th (ch)	K to R 2nd
18. Q to K 3rd	B to K 4th	White resigns.	

The match between Messrs. Marshall and Janowsky has resulted in a win for the American master by eight games to five. The loser can scarcely be said to have played up to his proper form; but this is not to be understood as detracting in the least from the merit of Mr. Marshall's victory.

The match between Messrs. Teichmann and Napier resulted in a victory for the former by five to one and four draws. The winner played a steering game throughout, but Mr. Napier showed up to the form he exhibited in the English tournaments last season.

The annual cable match between England and America under the auspices of the City of London Chess Club will be played at the Abercorn Rooms, 105, Bishopsgate Street Without, E.C.4., on April 14 and 15 next.

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AN INDUSTRIAL PARADISE.

(See Illustrations.)

On the left bank of the River Mersey, not many miles from its mouth, where but yesterday was a stretch of obscure farm-land, unheralded and unsung, now stands the Village of Port Sunlight. Its approach is signalled by tall chimneys, as the masts of a ship give warning of its coming. The rhythmic hum of machinery, the shrill shriek of steam-whistles which summon thousands to their labours or rest, the clatter of incoming or departing trains laden with the product of that busy community for all parts of the globe, have replaced the silent wooing of the soil. No more startling transformation could well be imagined, nor will the most exacting lover of nature regret the change.

Cheshire, noted for its picturesque towns and hamlets, boasts no more beautiful village than that of Port Sunlight—small wonder it attracts sightseers from all parts of the world.

Crossing the Mersey in one of its commodious ferries to the Cheshire side of the river, a few minutes' walk brings us within sight of the now famous village, to which prince and statesman, economist and social reformer, have made their pilgrimage in search of information and example. Our first impression is one of woodland and pleasure—broad streetsavenued with trees; large open spaces at the intersection of the principal avenues; creeper-clad cottages for the work-people, with lawn fore-courts and gardens, tastefully designed and representing every variety of English architecture, meet the eye in pleasing harmony. But commodious dwellings at moderate rents, fitted with every need for comfort; sanitary, well-paved streets, leafy nooks, grassy lawns decked in flowers, do not exhaust the advantages of the fortunate workers at Port Sunlight.

The Schools, which have recently been greatly enlarged, accommodate 1200 children. The education is thorough, liberal, and free. Scholarships are offered to encourage ambition, so that the child may fit itself for any sphere in life. Amid these healthy surroundings and such opportunities for the cultivation of taste and refinement, the Port Sunlight children of to-day should give a good account of themselves among the men and women of the morrow.

A point of interest is the Village Inn, not only for its tasteful old-world design, but from the fact of its being the only licensed premises on the property. It started life on total abstinence principles, and, after much debate, the question was submitted to a popular vote, when a large majority decided in favour of license.

Other buildings are a handsome Swimming Bath, three Gymnasiums, Library, Girls' Club and Restaurant, Men's Club and Bowling Green. The latest addition is a pretty Church, characteristic of English architecture, with a rich peal of chimies.

Clubs and Societies for mental and physical culture abound, and every kind of sport is freely indulged in. Bowls, Cricket, Tennis, Gymnastics, Swimming are all well supported, and have reached a high state of efficiency.

"Sweet Village, sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please."

Music flourishes, and a recent concert given by the Philharmonic Society to a London audience of 2000 people was a great success, and highly praised by the critics. There is a Temperance Organisation, a Boys' Brigade, and a Masonic Lodge.

Agricultural allotments have not been forgotten. The Annual Shows of the Horticultural Society attract large attendances, and in the exhibits of flowers, fruit, and vegetables, there is keen competition for the prizes.

Nor is the workman, when grown old or enfeebled, abandoned—like a broken tool—to the mercy of cold chance or charity, in the evening of his day. An old-age-pension Trust is provided from the Company's Treasury. The employees do not contribute towards it, though it is conducted by them and the managers. It is also the duty of this Trust to lend a helping hand and keep a watchful eye over the widow and orphan.

A newspaper chronicles the events of the village; a prosperous general shop supplies its wants, but patronage is quite optional. There is of necessity much that this brief outline must leave unnoticed, but the public is always welcome to inspect the Works and Village, and makes liberal use of the privilege.

Nothing seems to have been left undone to make the social life attractive. That all this should be devoted to the making of a commonplace product like soap shows how the prosaic may be made to harmonise with the artistic and beautiful, and what may be done by capital to lighten the lot of labour, with credit and profit to itself; for be it understood that all suggestion of philanthropy is repudiated by the Company as incompatible with the dignity of labour. They proclaim manfully that the Village is a commercial enterprise, a needful adjunct to their business, that it has been successful from that point of view, and that nothing is expected from any employee beyond attention to duty. Order reigns everywhere, with a keynote of freedom, and nothing is compulsory that is inconsistent with independence.

Twenty years ago Mr. W. H. Lever, a wholesale grocer at Bolton, convinced that the public desired a soap of pure quality and practicable shape, determined to supply that want. He took the meagre capital at his command, and set up a plant of his own at Warrington, Lancashire. Undeterred by predictions of failure on all sides, he pursued his object, and whether raw materials were cheap or dear, scarce or plentiful, his output remained unvarying in its quality. The response of the public was immediate and unqualified; the reputation of the soap for purity spread through the land, and the factory at Warrington became too small to answer the demands made upon it. After long and careful search the present site was chosen, and the Works and Village founded thereon. Its growth has been uninterrupted from the beginning, and each year since its foundation large additions have been made.

AN INDUSTRIAL PARADISE: PORT SUNLIGHT, A WORKERS' UTOPIA.



An industrial Utopia has been realised in Cheshire by Messrs. Lever, the great soap-manufacturers, and their model village, Port Sunlight, comes as near to being an ideal community as anything yet achieved by employers for their workpeople. On our Chess page we describe the colony in detail.

FIVE-HUNDRED YARDS ABOVE ROME: THE ETERNAL CITY FROM A MILITARY BALLOON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARBUTHNOT



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE COURSE OF THE TIBER.



THE COLISEUM AND THE PALATINE VIEWED FROM THE BALLOON.

In the upper picture the third bridge from the left is the famous bridge of St. Angelo, and just beyond it the round structure is the remains of the Mausoleum of Hadrian, now known as the Castle of St. Angelo. In the foreground of the lower picture appear the Palatine Gardens, on the left is the Arch of Constantine, and beyond are the buildings of the Imperial Palace. The area on the extreme left of the Coliseum, and at the edge of the picture, is the site of the temple of Venus and Rome.

STUDIED INACCURACY: A REMARKABLE "FAKED" PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LOUVRE ON FIRE.



A JOURNALISTIC BURNING OF THE LOUVRE: A FRENCH NEWSPAPER'S REALISATION OF THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE RECENT SLIGHT OUTBREAK OF FIRE AT THE GREAT PALACE OF ART.

The other day a slight fire broke out in one of the public offices in the Louvre, but it was got under in half an hour, and little damage was done. Our French contemporary, "l'Illustration," ingeniously produced this illustration, made by the piecing together of several photographs, in order to realise what the scene might have been had the fire become really serious. The picture lacks no detail, even to the attempts to give the national art treasures by the windows. The firemen are seen lowering de Champagne's portrait of Richelieu; and on trucks appear Rubens' "Kermesse," a Rembrandt, and Vandyck's "Charles I." The small fire occurred in the wing of the Palace occupied by the Minister for the Colonies, and had its unromantic origin in the kitchen chimney. Had it not been so promptly extinguished it might easily have spread along the woodwork of the roof from the Flora Pavilion, where the Colonial Office is situated, to the Museum itself. It was on this theory that the imaginary picture was designed.

VANQUISHED AND VICTORIOUS GENERALS IN THE BATTLE OF MUKDEN, WITH THE PLAN OF THE ACTION AT THE SUPREME MOMENT.

Portraits by S. BEGG AND H. W. KOEKKOEK; MAP REPRODUCED FROM THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS.



1. GENERAL KAULBARS.

4. GENERAL MISTCHENKO.

2. GENERAL LINIEVITCH.

5. THE GREAT TURNING MOVEMENT AND RETREAT FROM MUKDEN.

3. GENERAL BILDERLING.

6. GENERAL RENNENKAMPF.

The Russian and Japanese commanders were opposed in the following manner. General Kaulbars held the Russian right, and had to deal with General Oku on the Japanese left. These were to the west of Mukden. Southwards General Bilderling held the Russian centre, and was opposed to General Nodzu. On the east General Linievitch held the Russian left, and had for his opponent General Kuroki, who has through all the Manchurian campaign been commander of the Japanese right. General Nogi, with his Port Arthur veterans, who declared that this greatest of battles was mere field maneuvering compared with what they had gone through in the siege, effected the actual occupation of Mukden, and one small force of his men repelled a whole division of the enemy. General Rennenkampf is the Cossack leader, and General Mistchenko is the dubious hero of the great raid towards the south-west, the only large offensive movement the Russians have attempted. It ended disastrously, and was fiercely criticised by China as a violation of neutral territory. The border design contains figures of Chinese war-gods.

ON THE SCENE OF KUROPATKIN'S GREATEST DISASTER: SNAP-SHOTS DURING THE BATTLE OF SAN-DE-PU.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST LATELY WITH THE RUSSIANS IN MANCHURIA: BORDER DESIGN (CHINESE WAR-GODS) BY A. HUGH FISHER



1. A MOUNTAIN BATTERY OF MACHINE-GUNS IN POSITION.

4. AWAITING THE HELIOGRAPH SIGNAL TO OPEN FIRE.

2. AN INCIDENT OF THE MARCH: A MONGOLIAN BEGGING FAKIR.

5. SNIPERS AND SNIPED: SHARPSHOOTERS UNDER FIRE.

3. THE BREAKDOWN OF A TRANSPORT CAR: CROSSING A SMALL STREAM.

6. QUICK TRANSPORT FOR SCOUTS: THE RAILWAY QUADRICYCLE.

Our Artist came up with the artillery here photographed just when the officer was watching for a heliographic signal to open fire. Hardly had the photograph been taken when the signal came, and the guns were roaring along all the line. The begging fakir in the top photograph was a strange uncouth object, who knelt before an old meat-tin intended for the receipt of alms, and continually prostrated himself, touching the ground incessantly with his forehead at tremendous speed.

PRAYER FOR THE TSAR, AND THE DETECTION OF SHAM CHINAMEN NEAR MUKDEN.

DRAWN BY MELTON PRIOR FROM SKETCHES BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST LATELY WITH THE FIRST MANCHURIAN ARMY.



THE PEACEFUL CLOSE OF THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER'S DAY: CHANTING THE EVENING PRAYER FOR THE TSAR.

MR. JULIUS PRICE WRITES: "One evening lately, as I was riding through the lines, I heard a sound of singing, and came upon a group of soldiers formed up in double lines in front of their huts chanting their usual evening hymn, which finished with a prayer for the Tsar. Many of the men had splendid voices, and the effect was most thrilling."



PIGTAILS NO PASSPORT: THE DETECTION OF A JAPANESE OFFICER DISGUISED AS A CHINAMAN.

MR. JULIUS PRICE WRITES: "These prisoners had been caught red-handed in the endeavour to damage the railway line south of Mukden. Unfortunately for one of them, his pigtail came off, and on further examination he was found to be a Japanese engineer officer. The scene is in the Station Commandant's room at Mukden."

AMITY BETWEEN ENEMIES: RUSSIANS AND JAPANESE FRATERNISING AFTER PORT ARTHUR

DESIGNED BY EDWARD CUCUPL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON BOARD THE "HAYERN" AND AT NAGASAKI



ENEMIES AT PLAY: RUSSIAN OFFICERS ON PAROLE PLAYING DECK GAMES WITH JAPANESE PASSENGERS ON THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD STEAM-SHIP "HAYERN."

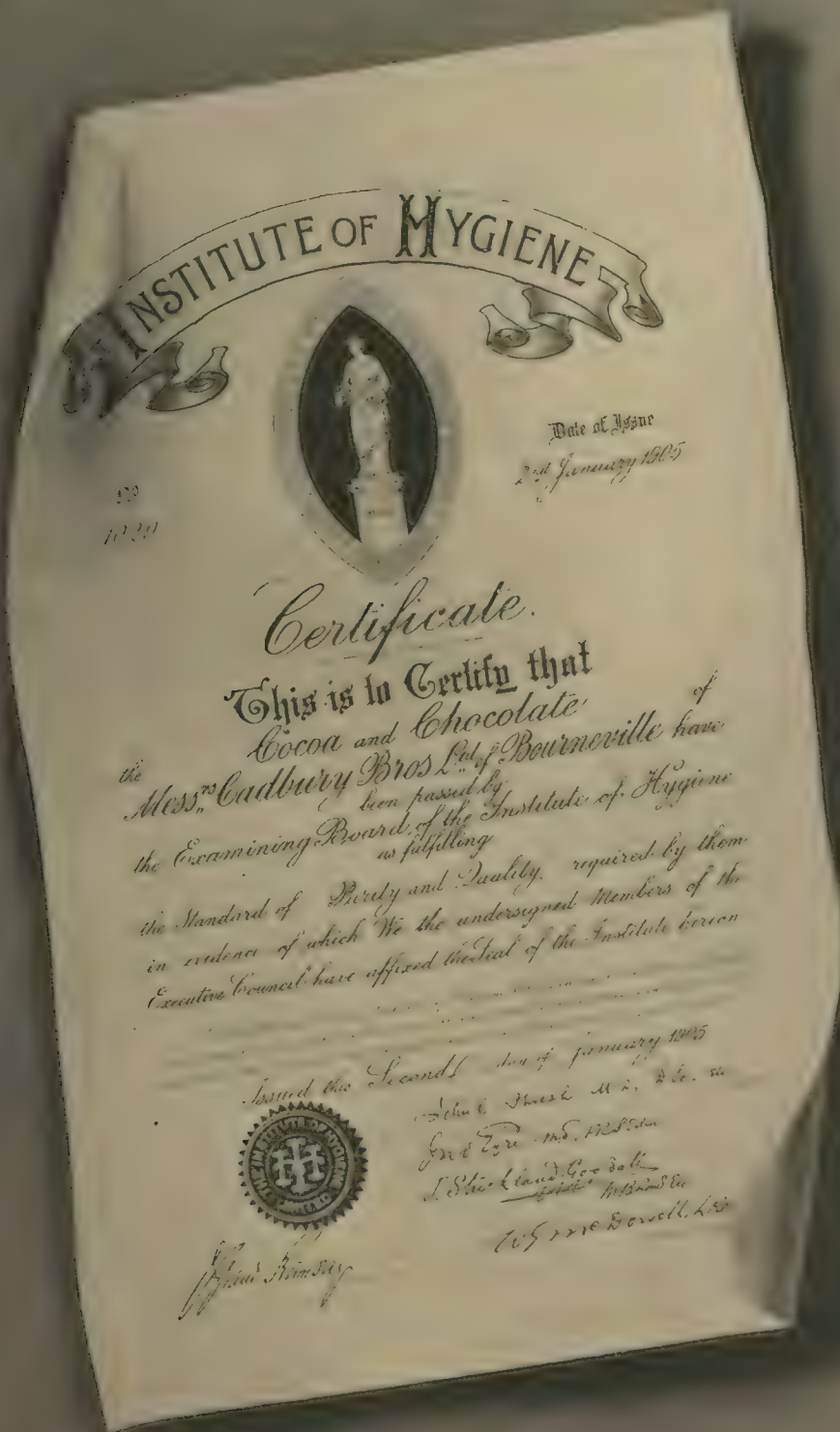
The "Hayern" was crowded with officers returning from Port Arthur, who were on the best possible terms with the Japanese passengers. Every day they played deck games together, looked at the maps of the war, and looked at Japanese war-albums.



VIEWING THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY: RUSSIAN OFFICERS ON PAROLE-SIGHT-SEEING IN NAGASAKI.

MR. CUCUPL WRITES: "It was curious to watch the Russians enjoying the freedom of the enemy's country, sight-seeing in rickshaws and on foot, shopping, and looking at war-pictures in the windows. The natives treated them with uniform respect and good-nature, and the Russians were loud in their praises of the considerate treatment they had received from the Japanese."

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MUSIC.

While we could not willingly fail in appreciation of Sir Edward Elgar's remarkable gifts, we cannot but regret that the concert he conducted at the Queen's Hall last week was devoted entirely to his own compositions. To be frank, there are few composers whose work could engage our devoted attention for two hours' traffic of the concert-room: after Bach, Beethoven, and Chopin, it becomes hard to add to the list. This, of course, is no more than an individual opinion, and does not pretend to authority; but it is true because, in a great joy at possessing an English master of music, the public appreciation seems to have dispensed with sober judgment. The applause that greeted the various items on the programme was rather more indiscriminate, though the proper verdict was a constant quantity, for the merit of the work was by no means even, and during the afternoon the composer's mannerisms imposed themselves upon the casual listener's ear. Even the analytical programme lacked the proper restraint, and gave to eulogy part of the space that belonged to exposure.

So, having heard a very considerable quantity, whose technical gifts are developed to a remarkable extent. He may take rank with the immortals, but not yet. He has still to reach the plane of the masters whose work appeals to us solely by reason of its exquisite beauty, and does not call for attention to the technical achievement associated with its most effective presentation. To the full extent that the cleverness of the orchestral devices arrests the ear, the highest art that conceals art is lacking. In listening to the Elgar concert at the Queen's Hall, we had the impression of work that is profoundly sincere throughout, and inspired now and again. If the sincerity and

inspiration moved hand in hand, we should hold that Sir Edward Elgar's position is all that the enthusiasts claim for it. At present we find a gulf between the two that no praise can bridge. When space permits we hope to return to the subject, and offer chapter and verse in support of these theories.

The Queen's Hall Orchestra presented Liszt's "Faust" Symphony on Saturday last, and in the

stand between the composer and the audience, and the exquisite beauty of the Gretchen "picture," very delicately revealed by Mr. Wood, held the large audience enthralled. The programme was well chosen. After the storm and stress of the Symphony, Mlle. Camilla Landi sang one of the songs from Berlioz' "Nuits d'été" with an intelligence and sympathy that would, we dare think, have delighted the great composer himself; and the concert concluded with the overture and Venusberg music from "Tannhäuser," admirably rendered, save for a brief moment when, to use one of Wagner's own rebukes, the brass seemed to think it was marching round the walls of Jericho. Mr. Henry Wood's orchestra will play Tchaikowsky's B minor Symphony on March 25 and the "Symphonia Domestica" on April 1, when Herr Strauss himself will wield the baton.

If the large measure of appreciation accorded to the concerts of the Bechstein Club possesses ordinary significance, this new development of Sunday music is likely to be a permanent feature of London's musical life. The programme has been carefully selected and has given us of their best, and the concert ended safely upon its merits.

Messrs. H. L. Savory and Co., 47, Piccadilly, W., cigarette-manufacturers and cigar-importers, by special warrants of appointments to his Majesty King Edward VII. and his Majesty the King of Italy, have received direct from the Royal Palace at Lisbon a special warrant of appointment to his Majesty the King of Portugal, which entitles them to use the Royal Arms of Portugal and style themselves purveyors of cigars and cigarettes to the royal house.



IS IT A CORRAL? THE CHALLENGED AUTHENTICITY OF ONE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S GIFTS TO THE DUBLIN GALLERY.

Our readers will be struck by the resemblance between the picture above reproduced and one of the Corals (which we gave on February 25) recently presented by the Prince of Wales to the Dublin Art Gallery. The plate here shown was sent to us by Mr. Alfred Lakos, a Budapest artist, who informs us that the original was painted by Gábor Messuly in 1877, and is now in the National Museum at Budapest. Our correspondent declares that neither painter could be suspected of having copied the other. The similarity must be due either to coincidence of subject or to a misconception regarding the authorship of one.

extreme beauty of the interpretation the limitations of the work seemed to disappear. Neither the occasional obscurity of the Faust section nor the difficulties of the Mephistopheles music availed to

appointment to his Majesty the King of Portugal, which entitles them to use the Royal Arms of Portugal and style themselves purveyors of cigars and cigarettes to the royal house.

A VITAL MATTER WHICH CONCERNS ALL STOUT PEOPLE.

THERE is at the present moment in this country a great number of stout men and women who, alarmed at the development of corpulency, are deliberately throwing away the precious gift of health and beauty through following some pernicious method of fat-reduction, involving semi-starvation, drugging by mineral poisons, exhaustive sweating, and other evils. This is a vital matter. Health and strength are priceless possessions, and should not be juggled away by old-time empiricism. None of these antiquated systems of reducing obesity was ever known to produce any other than a temporary loss of weight, unless by seriously undermining the constitution, which was too often the result. As a general rule, as soon as the remedy (so called) was discontinued, the growth of superfluous fat resumed its evil sway.

Yet the gift of health and beauty is absolutely within the reach of any corpulent person, young or old, who will study the simple and harmless "Russell" treatment as set forth in the pages of "Corpulency and the Cure," by F. Cecil Russell, the founder of the famous treatment that bears his name. This standard work of 256 pages is full of useful information and advice, and no stout person should neglect consulting its pages. It contains, *inter alia*, the recipe of the principal curative preparation used in the "Russell" treatment. By the publication of this recipe the author triumphantly proves the complete harmlessness of the compound and the purely herbal nature of its ingredients.

Those among stout persons who desire to obtain a copy of "Corpulency and the Cure" may do so by sending three penny stamps (for postage under plain sealed envelope) to the author, F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. A careful perusal of this admirable treatise may be the means of saving years of misery to many a person who has been groaning for years under the humiliating burden of excessive stoutness.

Just a few words about the "Russell" treatment itself, which is entirely opposed to all other methods in that it *nourishes the body* whilst robbing it of the superabundant fat. It is essentially the tonic, strengthening, muscle-forming treatment and after a course of

"Russell" the subject, whilst being reduced to normal proportions, is immensely improved in health and physical beauty, and feels years younger. The appetite is greatly improved, and a normal quantity of wholesome, strengthening food must be taken. This is a fundamental condition of the treatment, which calls for no departure from ordinary, prudent habits of living. A reduction of weight occurs within twenty-four hours of beginning the treatment. This varies between $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. and 2 lb. in usual cases, but when there is very excessive obesity the decrease may more nearly approximate to 4 lb. After the initial decrease there is a steady daily diminution until symmetrical proportions of face and figure and normal weight are reached. The treatment may then be abandoned. This easily followed, simple, sure, and health-giving system of reducing weight is commendable in every way. In a very short period it effects a wonderful transformation, and could not be otherwise than beneficial to anyone.

WHAT A FAVOURITE WEEKLY PAPER SAYS.

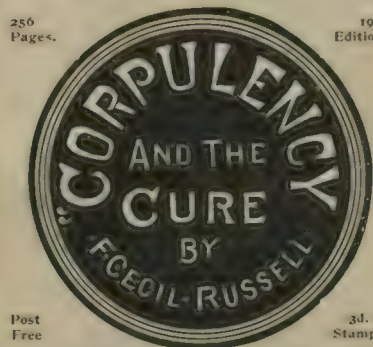
Lady readers should be interested in the following views of the *Lady's Pictorial* on the success of the famous "Russell" treatment:—

"All unduly stout people suffer more or less inconvenience in moving about, with difficulty in breathing; and a want of general tone in the system is, as a rule, the lot of those who are the unfortunate possessors of an undue amount of adipose tissue, and who, in the trying of various remedies, have undermined their health without permanently reducing their weight. Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, W.C., has a cure for obesity which is most sure in its results, and, unlike most remedies for the reduction of weight, does not require any stringent restrictions with regard to diet. The treatment is entirely harmless, and the general health will be much improved by it. The ingredients used in the medicine are of a purely vegetable nature, as will be seen in the little book, entitled 'Corpulency and the Cure,' written by Mr. Russell, the extreme popularity of which is shown by its having already reached the nineteenth edition. There is no doubt that the 'Russell' treatment goes to the root of the evil, hence the complete success of the cure. All those persons who are showing signs of becoming too fat should study the little book, 'Corpulency and the Cure.' The great success of this cure will be gathered from the many letters from those who have benefited by it. Many of these letters are printed in the little book, which can be obtained for three penny stamps from Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, W.C."

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The *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* says: "We cordially recommend 'Corpulency and the Cure' to our stout friends. Since the first success of the 'Russell' treatment, some twenty odd years ago, the triumphs of this marvellous system for the permanent reduction of Corpulency have increased by leaps and bounds."

As an authority on the treatment and cure of obesity, "Corpulency and the Cure" is being constantly quoted by the most competent practitioners. It is a mine of information conveyed in the most useful and practical form. It contains also the recipe of the preparation which forms the basis of the "Russell" treatment. A gratis copy may be obtained by any stout reader of "The Illustrated London News" by sending three penny stamps to detain private postage to the author.

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LADIES' PAGES.

Princess Christian is again at home at Windsor, and will be heard of as usual giving her interest and thought, as well as her personal presence, to all manner of good works. H.R.H. has had a pleasant, restful visit with her daughter, Princess Louise Augusta, to the Riviera, during which they, in company with the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and her daughter Princess Beatrice, attended a matinee arranged by the wife of the British Consul at Nice for the benefit of the Memorial to Queen Victoria. A large sum was added to the fund, and the whole affair was very successful. The Australian Federal Government has recently decided to keep the memory of the great Queen green in an effective fashion by making her birthday "Empire Day" in all the schools of the Commonwealth. Addresses of an Imperially patriotic character, and songs of the homeland and loyalty, are to be followed by holiday games. This has also, I believe, been arranged in Canada. Queen Elizabeth's "name day" was kept in the English villages and towns, with services in the churches and sports on the greens, for nearly two centuries after her death. It is an interesting fact that a similar memorial-honour is to be paid to the late Queen by the daughter-nations of her Empire.

The strange continuous postponements of the wedding of the German Crown Prince—it has now been deferred for the fourth time until June next—must be very inconvenient to our own royal family, as both the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Christian were under engagements to go to Berlin for the ceremony when it was fixed to take place this month. One postponement of a wedding is considered to be "unlucky" by fanciful brides; but four successive changes of date is probably unprecedented. Lent has presumably nothing to do with the change, as it is quite "High Church" to regard that season in such a way, and not in accordance with German sympathies. Queen Victoria had more than one of the marriages of her family celebrated during Lent. Mr. Marconi and his aristocratic fiancée, the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien, also, are obviously indifferent to this point, as their wedding is arranged for the middle of this month, after which they are to go to Canada. The illustrious discoverer of wireless telegraphy is still not quite thirty years old; he is Irish on his mother's side, and his bride is also a member of an Irish family.

Poor Queen Catherine Howard's ghost is to be disturbed henceforth by the tramp of the thousands of feet that annually pass through the old Palace of Hampton Court. The ill-fated child (for she was but eighteen) who was unfortunate enough to attract the notice of our Bluebeard King, who promptly ordered her head to be cut off when he heard tales of her girlish frivolities prior to her marriage with him, haunts a particular gallery in Hampton Court which has hitherto been



A GRACEFUL NÉGLIGÉE.

A gown for the boudoir and dressing-room in white silk cut all in one, sleeves and gown together, and arranged by draping, and by trimming with insertion lace.

closed to the public, but which is to be opened on April 1. The story is that as King Henry passed through this gallery while the trembling girl was still awaiting her doom, she managed to get away from her attendants—probably was allowed to do so by their compassion—and rushed after him and fell upon her knees to beg his mercy. He broke from her grasp without a word or a glance; and as she was led back to her prison-chamber she vainly screamed and shrieked for his pity. Ever since, if you please, her ghost periodically flies shrieking through the same corridor. Many residents and custodians, so they say, even in this sceptical time, have been terrified by hearing the rushing feet and the piercing scream for life.

Empire fashions will receive a lift in popularity by the great success of the fancy-dress ball given by Lord and Lady Dudley in Dublin, at which all present wore the late eighteenth or early nineteenth-century costume. A friend who was there tells me that the dresses were most picturesque and becoming, the men looking particularly handsome in their swallow-tailed coats of rich colours, such as bright blue, plum-colour, and purple, with tight-fitting trousers, usually white. One set was danced by the officers of the Inniskillings in the uniform worn by their regiment at the beginning of last century. Men were, however, much in the minority, as the dress was expensive, and afterwards of no sort of use to them, while the ladies can avail themselves of their gowns, with slight alterations, for dinner wear. Beautiful young women like Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew and Lady Norah Hely-Hutchinson were especially favoured by the short, tight-fitting frocks with their rich embroideries and short and rather narrow trains. Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew was in soft white satin embroidered with watercress-green ribbon-work, and a big blue velvet cap, copied exactly from a picture at her old home. Lady Norah Hely-Hutchinson wore dark-green soft satin partly veiled in chiffon of the same shade, with bows and trails of flowers embroidered down the front, and a scarf of gold-embroidered black net was gracefully held over the shoulders. Lady Dudley herself wore a most chic and becoming costume: there was one of those short, smart little Directoire coats in peach-blossom satin, with high collar behind and revers of lace, over an Empire-waisted gown of delicate yellow satin veiled with embroideries of glittering gold on yellow net; a pearl girdle under the bust and embroideries in gold and pearls finished the corsage. Lady Kingston wore one of the most successful and "true-to-period" frocks. It was in white satin, worked down the narrow front with Empire wreaths in silver and diamonds combined with narrow silver fringe and tassels; the train, in a truly Empire combination, was a narrow one of orange velvet edged with ermine. Countess Annesley also wore a gown exactly like a picture of Josephine; it was of white satin

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LAZENBY'S SAUCE.

with the Empire bodice embroidered with gold, and a train of red velvet powdered with bees in gold. The whole effect was so charming that it must give an impetus to the adoption of this style, modified as we have already been using it to prevent "fancy-dress" effects, for evening gowns in the coming season.

Shot effects promise to be popular, not only for evening wear but for day-gowns. Shaded fabrics, also, are considered good style. This effect is being shown in blouses; a shaded chiffon is used, the top of the blouse, gathered full into a lace yoke or a high collar, being of the deepest tone, and gradually diminishing to the waist, and the sleeves reversing the progress of tint, with the full puffed tops of the darker tone, and the frills below the elbow of the lighter one. A pink shaded from a delicate sunset hue to almost flame was employed in one such model; and another was done in shades of mauve. In shot materials, from mauve to blue is a favourite combination, and so is from pink to pale purple; green toning to pink is also a pretty if commonplace effect, and grey shot with golden yellow is effective in small portions, such as for a blouse rather than a full costume. Chiffon, thin woollen materials, and silks are all appearing with shot effects. Black velvet ribbon is still the trimming most in request for somewhat bright fabrics, when used as blouses, and also for white lace, chiffon, or soft silk; there is nothing to equal the touch of black; it seems, curiously, both to tone down and bring out all the value of the colour. A deep-pointed or swathed belt, criss-crossed closely with narrow black velvet ribbon, is one simple way of applying the touch; rosettes or tight-centred little bows in black velvet, again, are excellent, sprinkled down the front and on the sleeves with discretion and taste.

Blouses are not going out of fashion, whether for evening or day wear. It is too economical and useful a fashion to part with, and the best London shops are stocking new styles in their hundreds. A full top to the sleeves is the most distinct difference in the styles from last season's; otherwise there is no great change. Plenty of trimming can be used for evening blouses, and charming passementeries and motifs are ready for buying. On a plain, biscuit-coloured glacé blouse, pink velvet ribbon and a number of tiny silver buttons were used with good effect: the velvet was laid in sloping lines all down the front, on each side of a narrow vest of folded lace, with a silver button hardly larger than a glove-button at each end of each pink velvet line. A lace blouse over white silk made in the cross-over style was effectively trimmed with ruchings of pale blue silk forming an edge along the cross-over folds, and also diamond patterns all over, and rosettes of the same silk were set down the central V-shaped vest of pleated lace at the throat.

Spring-cleaning brings in its train the discovery that many things about the house look shabby after the

utmost that cleansing processes can do for them. For a great number of such articles the remedy is easy—Aspinall's Enamel, in its convenient small tins and endless colour shades, will rejuvenate the worn surface and make the aged hot-water can, the chipped bath, the spotted washstand, the scratched stool, or the rubbed shelf or door, as good as new. It is quite simple to use by the amateur of little skill, and is to be had in a great variety of colours, both delicate and strong ones. Aspinall's Enamel Company have just brought out a new enamel for use by decorators on indoor or outdoor work. This is called "Sanaline," and produces the very highest results in decorative painting work.

Once more the discussion has been revived as to whether men prefer economical wives or those who make themselves smart. Like the Bishop who originally got the Sees of Bath and Wells combined by his affected pronunciation of "Bath, please, your Majesty," which King James took to mean "both," and laughingly agreed to, no doubt most men would very much like "both" cheapness and smartness. Many of them will be ready to follow the lead of the County Court Judge whose dictum has revived the question: that luminary declared that seven-and-sixpence ought to buy a woman a bonnet. So it will—a nurse's, a nun's, or a Salvation Army bonnet; but not the sort of confection that the average man of even modest means would like to see his wife wearing on her head at church or when she went to visit his sisters. Ostriches will not take the trouble to grow their tails and silk-worms to spin their cocoons for such amounts; why, even a good little piquet of artificial flowers alone will cost considerably more than that trifling sum—for it has to pay something to a number of people; not only the maker of the flowers, but the first manufacturer of the fabrics of which they are made, and then wholesale and retail dealers' profits. Then how about the skill of the milliner, who has to learn her business, and must also be a person of natural artistic capacity or her structures will be altogether wrong—clumsy, ill-coloured, vulgar, and unbecoming? The woman who does not respect her own looks and tries to dress on the infinitesimal amount that a man's ignorance may suppose adequate, but that she knows by experience is nothing of the kind—such as a seven-and-sixpenny bonnet—may be very sure that her husband will, in the long run, be more grieved than grateful. This is not, of course, to say that needless extravagance should be recklessly indulged in; or that many women must not reconcile themselves, because they are wives of poor men, to being ill-dressed (and I believe that many do so with great ease, if real poverty demand it, and it be sweetened by love); but merely that where there is to be any attempt at making an appearance, it can no more be successful "on the cheap" than an omelette can be prepared without breaking an adequate number of eggs; and that most men who can afford the eggs prefer to pay for them rather than they would to see the dish a failure.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London's mission began last week at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. The Archbishop of York attended the opening service. Dr. Winnington-Ingram spoke very frankly on the dangers of a life of comfort. "Bridge in the afternoon, after tea, and again in the evening takes away the serious life, and the tendency of a half-Christianised public opinion is to make people drift down the stream without the moral courage to pull against it."

Bishop Gore is much improved in health, and in his Lenten letter to the diocese says that he is led to expect a complete restoration very shortly. "I am more anxious than I can say," he adds, "that the fresh start in organisation for which we are thanking God should be accompanied by a fresh start in personal religion."

Canon Christopher, whose resignation takes effect next July, has been suffering from bronchitis and pleurisy. The Rector of St. Aldegund, Oxford, is now nearly eighty-four, and since the C.M.S. break-st on Feb. 11 he has been confined to his house by illness.



FRENCH METHODS OF COAST DEFENCE: FIRING A BIG GUN.

A curious effect is given by photography around the muzzle of the gun. The flash has appeared as a dark mass in the centre of the smoke.

Dr. Robertson, Bishop of Exeter, has a charming word on Lent in his monthly letter. "Lent, which etymologically is but an old name for spring, should be no time of gloom and depression, but of healthy, manly self-discipline, bracing resolve, and cheerful endurance of whatever form of self-denial we may subject ourselves to. The deepest penitence . . . makes the gladdest heart."

The Rector of Lowestoft in his parish magazine remarks that Lenten fasting for many people may mean keeping a watch over the tongue, especially in conversation about the characters of Ambrose and Bernard.

The Dunlop Tyre Company's accountants' report shows that the company made, in England alone, during the twelvemonth ending Sept. 30, 1904, 1,249,747 complete tyres and 303,473 covers, together giving the colossal total of 1,553,220. On calculation, it has been found that the tyres, if laid flat on each other, would be sufficient to form a double track 100 miles high, while the air-tubes, if joined together end to end, would make a continuous chain 2000 miles long.

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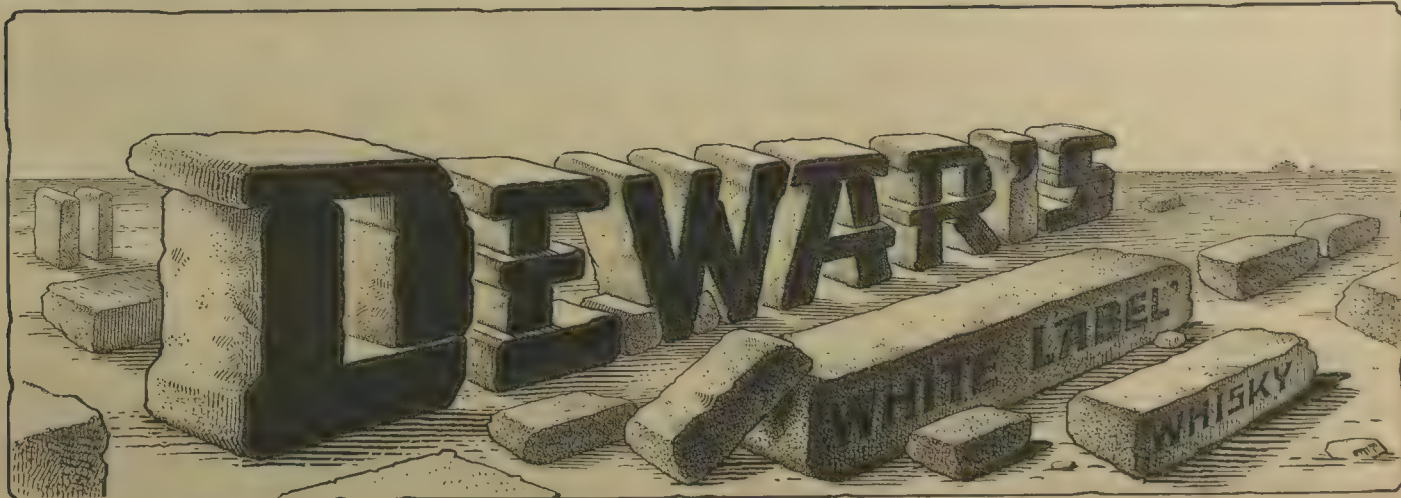
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 18, 1894) of Mr. WILLIAM ALLEN, of Evenley Hall, Brackley, Northampton, who died on Jan. 10, was proved on March 1 by Mrs. Ellen Moulson Allen, the widow, and John Allen and William Henry Allen, the sons, the value of the real and personal estate being £370,267. The testator gives £3000 per annum, all the furniture, etc., horses and carriages, and the use of Evenley Hall, to his wife; and £2000 per annum each to his two sons during her life. Subject thereto, his property is to be divided between his two sons.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Argyll, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Nov. 6, 1903) of Mr. JAMES MACALISTER HALL, of Tangy and Killeen, Argyll, and of Great Winchester Street, merchant, who died on Dec. 2, granted to Stuart Hall and Allen Hall, the brothers, Duncan Mackinnon, and Daniel MacTaggart, the executors nominate, has just been revealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £343,182.

The will (dated May 18, 1903) of Mr. JAMES EDWARD RANSOME, of Ipswich, who died on Jan. 30, was proved on Feb. 22 by Mrs. Alice Ransome, the widow, Mr. Edward Coleby Ransome, the son, and Septimus Abbott Noteutt, the value of the estate amounting to £163,349. The testator gives shares in his firm of Ransomes, Sims, and Jefferies of the value of £6000 to his son Edward, £5000 to his son Percy, £5000 to his son Andrew Sidney, £5000 to his son Herbert Owen, and £6000 each to his daughters Alice Mabel Holden, Florence Gertrude Ransome, and Dora Evelyn Ransome. He further gives £1000 each to his children; £2000 and an annuity of £2000 to his wife; £250 each to the Girls' Industrial Home and the Hope House Orphanage (Ipswich); £500 to the Nurses' Home in the Buttermarket; £1000 to the East Suffolk Hospital; £1000 for the benefit of St. John's Church (Ipswich); his inkstand business to his son Edward; and small legacies to relatives and persons in his employ. The residue of his property is to accumulate until the decease of Mrs. Ransome, when it is to be divided among his children.

The will (dated Jan. 5, 1900) of Mr. ALEXANDER HARRIS, of 24, Bloomsbury Square, who died on Jan. 12, was proved on Feb. 28, by Alfred Harris, the son, and

Charles Taylor, the value of the estate being sworn at £138,648. The testator gives £250 to his wife, Mrs. Hannah Harris; £500 each to his brothers and sisters; £100 each to his executors; £100 each to various nephews and nieces; and £52 per annum and the use of a house at Bow to his mother. One moiety of the residue of his property he leaves to his children Alfred, Sophia, and Sarah, and the other moiety to his wife, Hannah, and his children by her.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1902), with two codicils, of Mr. LEEDHAM WHITE, of 16, Wetherby Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Jan. 26, was proved on March 7 by Frederick Anthony White, Edward Wilfrid Atlay, and William Kemp Welch, the value of the estate amounting to £125,996. The testator gives £2000, the household furniture, and during her widowhood £4000 per annum, or £2000 per annum should she again marry, to his wife; £500 each to his executors; £200 each to his daughters; £250 and £200 annuity to his sister Mrs. Annie Jessie Chichester; £250 and an annuity of £150 to his sister, Mrs. Arabella Foster; and legacies to servants. He also gives 2501 debentures and 250 shares in the Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers Company, in trust, for his daughter Margaret Reay White; 100 shares to his sister Ada White; 100 shares, in trust, for his sister Mrs. Mary Kate Poore; 100 shares to his clerk, Henry Fuller; and fifty each to John Bayley White, junior, John Tyndale White, Richard H. Chichester, Hubert Edmond Foster, Frederick Anthony White, junior, and Osmotherly William Reay. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughters, they only to receive the income during the life of Mrs. White.

The will (dated Sept. 1, 1904) of Mr. THOMAS BELL BARKER, of Westoe, South Shields, who died on Sept. 2, has just been proved by Ralph Watson Graham, James Finlay Ogilvie, and William Gowan, the value of the real and personal estate being £106,553. He gave £500 per annum in trust for his sons Gerald and Hebdien, and his executors may at their absolute discretion give to his son Hebdien a further £500 per annum. The residue of his property he left to his son Gerald.

During his stay in London, H.R.H. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria honoured Messrs. Winsor and Newton's establishment in Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, with a visit.

IF ANOTHER NAPOLEON SHOULD ARISE.

BY ARNOLD WHITE.

Such an Emperor, if he were to appear to-day, is more likely to be of Teutonic than of Latin blood. Although France has not produced a great man for ninety years, the ignorance and unrest prevailing in Russia, and the babel of tongues and intestine strife of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, preclude the idea of a Slav, Czech, or Magyar Napoleon. Italy, Spain, and England are equally unlikely to produce a successful military tyrant, and we therefore assume that the Napoleon of the future will be a German soldier.

The first task of a German Napoleon, after completing his career of conquest on land, would be the subjugation of England by the organisation of Sea Power. Napoleon never understood the laws that govern maritime supremacy, and consequently the most glorious victories on land were barren of result because the storm-beaten ships of England were more powerful than the Grand Army of the Emperor. The destruction of British sea-power would be to a modern Caesar an imperious necessity. Napoleon placed commerce behind agriculture, which he considered to be the basis of national health and wealth. The new Charlemagne would be better informed on economic subjects than the Corsican. In the Napoleonic era England grew nearly enough corn for her needs. She was mistress of the seas; and Napoleon's economic hobby left the foreign food supply unhampered at the severest crisis. By some strange mental defect Napoleon favoured exports of corn to us in the time of our utmost need, and Britain survived the strain. The modern Charlemagne will grasp the fact that in war with England invasion will be useless; that starvation will be the weapon that enforces the order "Hands up!"

Efficient in war, the new Charlemagne would avoid the errors of Napoleon in his treatment of conquered peoples. He would do as little as possible to wound the feelings of nationalities. No needless cruelty would offend the common-sense of the world, while the organisation of civil life and the redress of abuses would be an integral portion of the constructive policy of the great man.

To consolidate his power the Emperor would strive to appease the spirit of nationality by the grant of the widest privileges of autonomy to every nation, and he would endeavour to enlist on his side the vast spiritual powers of Rome. It is significant at the present time

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that France is about to sever those relations with the Vatican that were established by Napoleon with a view to universal dominion. It is also significant that the candidate for the succession to the proud title of Elder Daughter of the Church is Germany.

The Emperor, having solved the three great problems of his career—the resistance of England, the assistance of Rome, and the spirit of nationality—would proceed to arrange an alliance either with the United States or with the Empire that has risen in the East. He would be able to offer to the latter rich fields for colonisation. The Philippines, and Australia with England out of the way, naturally present themselves as fit sites for Easterns' settlement, while in India the Emperor would deal as the English deal with it as regards defence, but on the Russian system as regards administration. Russia, being without a navy, would be unable to compete with the new Emperor and be beforehand with him in starving out the garrisons of British India, Bombay and Colombo would fall into German hands, after bombardment which would create widespread misery, destroy the credit of British India, and produce native risings just as the supply of munitions for the English was

entirely cut off. The surrender of the English in India would be only a matter of time, and Japan would be too fully occupied with Russia and the development of her own internal resources to be able to prevent the acquisition of British India by the Emperor. The territory and populations thus annexed to the Kaiser's Empire would be taxed for the maintenance of the Imperial Navy and Army. There is no reason to think that the people would be more heavily taxed than they are at present. On the contrary, a navy of 200 battle-ships and 500 cruisers and a standing army of 2,000,000 men ready to take their place in the fighting-line at twenty-four hours' notice, with adequate reserves, could be organised at a smaller cost than the money now spent on the navies and armies of Europe. With the organised physical force of Europe under the control of one man, the dreams of the Hague Convention would be partly realised by the reduction of the military burdens under which Europeans now groan, as the direct consequence of the dominion of a new Caesar.

In the internal organisation of Europe education would be compulsory and free. The consolidation of the educational system with the assistance of the Church of

Rome would enable the Emperor to mould the mind of Europe to his bidding. The Press would be under strict control, and men would learn from Gibraltar to Riga and from Salonica to Liverpool that war was the business of the Emperor, and that sharp punishment followed the slightest meddling with Imperial subjects. The Roman system of Prefects would be employed, and *Pax Germanica* would reign throughout Europe. Life, it may be, would be deadly dull, but there is no reason why it should not be prosperous, except in England, held in bondage under a Pretorian Guard from Ireland. Pauperism would be extirpated and crime suppressed on scientific principles, while a system of compulsory intermarriage between the various races of Europe would accomplish the blending of races.

The new Emperor would be an idealist, chaste and austere. He would be the founder of State Socialism and ordain the ordering of the home in the same spirit as the government of a regiment. From three capitals—Constantinople, Berlin, and Paris—he would direct the public affairs of the world, and only at his death would the spirit of nationality revive, and the world resume its normal condition of hatred and unrest.

This valiant knight,
He girdes for fight—
For sheweth he trepidation
For well he knows
The stout his face
Codeal him doughty pances &
Till blacke & blue blowes
In every thwe
He'll be good as new
In adaper two



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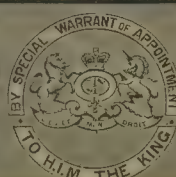
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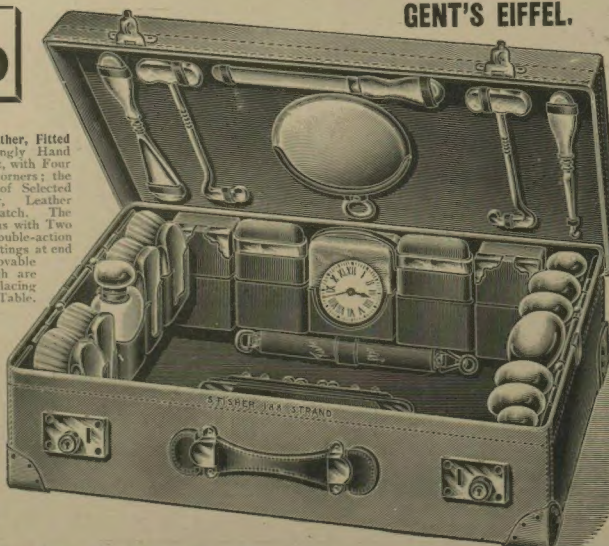
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THE COMMON SOLDIER'S ROUGH LODGING: KUROPATKIN'S TRAIN ON THE SCENE OF HIS CROWNING DISASTER.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST LATELY WITH KUROPATKIN IN MANCHURIA.



MARCH 18, 1905. — "The Illustrated London News" Supplement — 1

"THEIR LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND": AN INFANTRY BIVOUAC ON THE RAILWAY.

In sharp contrast to the luxury in which the Commander-in-Chief travelled was the cheerless lot of the common soldiers bivouacked at intervals along the railway-line. As Kuropatkin's train approached through the blinding snow bearing the General to the scene of action, the huge lamp of the engine threw the scene into weird relief, and showed the soldiers huddled together among the snow-drifts. The ground was littered with the men's baggage, their kit-bags, and their piled arms. The rifles of each stack were tied together to give them better support against the fierce wind.



THE LONG LINE OF MISERY: TOIL AND DISTRESS OF A RUSSIAN RETREAT IN MANCHURIA.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST LATELY WITH KUROPATKIN'S FORCES IN MANCHURIA.

This picture, of course, refers to one of the Russian retirements during the earlier operations on the Sha-ho, but it is typical of the hardships which Kuropatkin's baffled forces must have endured in an even greater degree in the course of their disorderly retreat from Mukden. Intercepted and surrounded, harassed with shell and hand-grenades, the scattered remains of what was once an army of half a million men have stumbled miserably northwards, their track marked by thousands of dead and dying. There is every probability that when the full story is told, it will be found that the horrors of this rout have equalled, if not surpassed, those of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

LUXURY AMID MISFORTUNE: KUROPATKIN'S MAGNIFICENT DINING-CAR ON THE SCENE OF HIS CROWNING DISASTER.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST LATELY WITH GENERAL KUROPATKIN IN MANCHURIA.



KUROPATKIN'S CUISINE: THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND HIS PERSONAL STAFF AT LUNCHEON IN THE GENERAL'S CORRIDOR-TRAIN.

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